SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 39:

The Sinbad Contract

SUPERMAN

The SINBAD CONTRACT

Part One

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

BILL MESSNER-LOEBS WRITER * CURT SWAN PENCILLER * DENNIS JANKE INKER

BILL OAKLEY ~ LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE ~ COLORIST

JONATHAN PETERSON ASSOCIATE EDITOR * MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

MONTHS AGO, ALIENS INVADED EARTH, EXPLODING A BOMB WHICH SICKENED ALL THOSE WITH META-HUMAN POWERS, OR THE POTENTIAL TO DEVELOP THEM.

ALL LATER RECOVERED.

BUT HUNDREDS OF OTHERWISE NORMAL PEOPLE WERE LEFT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY WERE DIFFERENT SOMEHOW... CAPABLE OF WONDERFUL OR TERRIBLE THINGS.

THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM, DAYOOD NASSUR, WHO LIVES IN THE QURACI SECTION OF METROPOLIS AND WHOSE LIFE IS ABOUT TO BE CHANGED... FOREVER.

‹HOW LONG... HAVE I BEEN... UP, HASSAN?›*

‹ALMOST THIRTY SECONDS, DAYOOD! IT'S GREAT!›

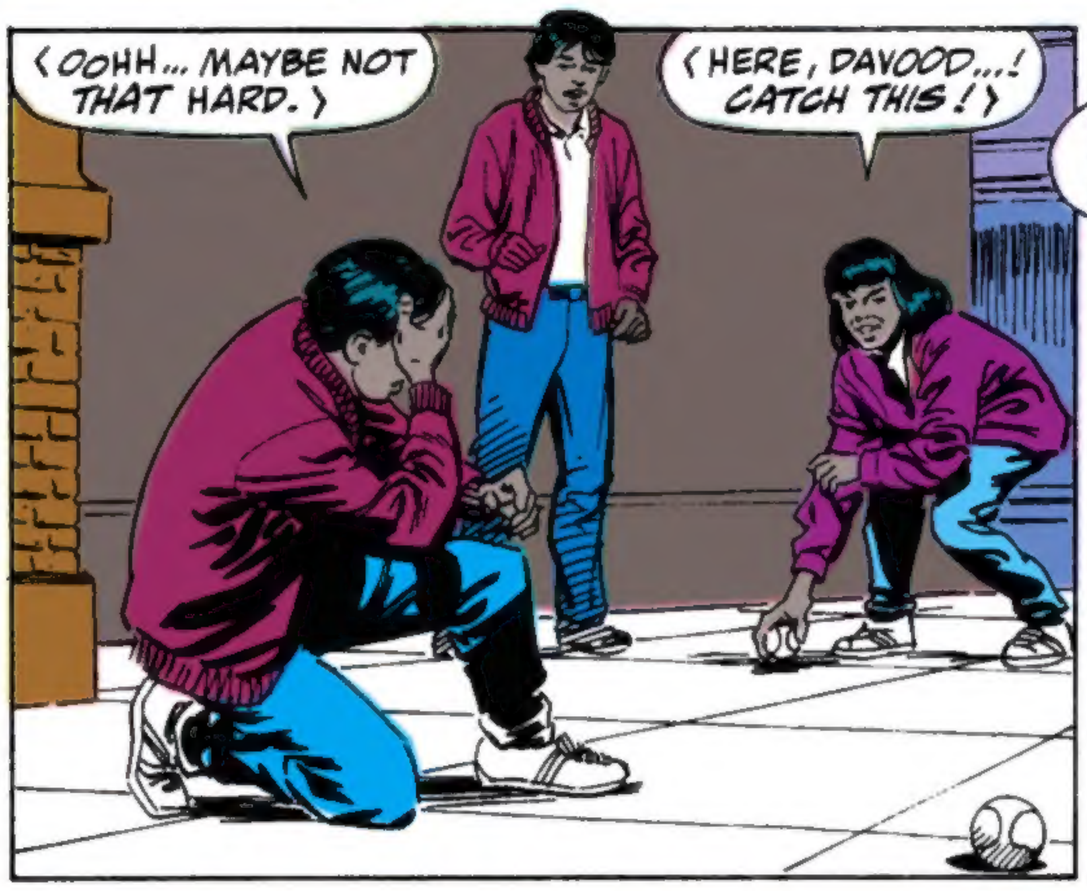
‹I CAN SEE SPACE BETWEEN HIS SHOES AND THE GROUND THIS TIME! HE IS ALMOST FLYING!›

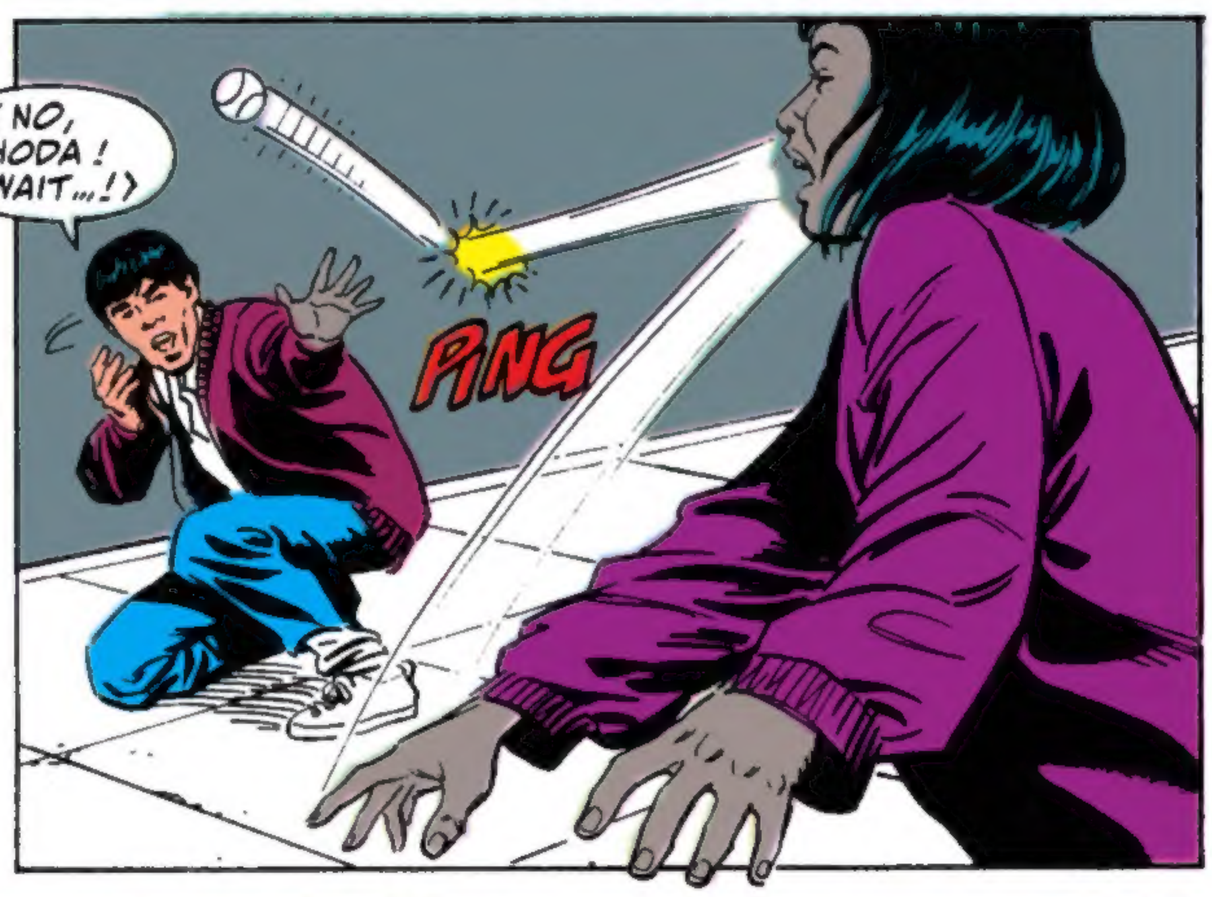
*TRANSLATED FROM QURACI.

〈I DID IT! I KNEW I COULD!〉
〈YOU'VE BEEN TRYING EVER SINCE YOU GOT SICK! PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE THE MOST POWERFUL GUY IN THE UNIVERSE!〉
TIGERS

〈I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT IF I CAN LIFT MYSELF, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO REPEL THINGS, TOO...〉
〈ISMAIL, GET THAT BALL AND THROW IT AT ME... HARD!〉
〈OKAY.〉

THUNK


〈OOHH... MAYBE NOT THAT HARD.〉
〈HERE, DAVOOD...! CATCH THIS!〉


〈NO, HODA! WAIT...!〉
PING

〈IT... IT WORKED.〉
〈DAVOOD! HASSAN! HODA! TIME FOR DINNER!〉
TIGERS
NAS
SALE
FRESI PICKE FRUIT

A BUNCH OF KIDS GOING IN FOR SUPPER... IT'S GETTING TO BE THAT TIME...

MAYBE I'LL DROP IN AT THE *PLANET* AND SEE IF *CAT* OR *JIMMY'S* WORKING LATE.

WE COULD ALL GO OUT FOR MEATBALL AND MOZZARELLA SANDWICHES AT GEORGIO'S.

IT'S A QUIET NIGHT. I'LL JUST ZIG-ZAG ACROSS THE RIVER AND CALL IT A SUCCESSFUL *PATROL*.

I TELL YOU, GINGER, I SAW A GUY WITH A *SHOTGUN* SNEAKIN' AROUND THE BACK. THIS COULD BE A *MAJOR* CRACK HOUSE.

RIGHT, FRED. OR IT *COULD* BE A *MAJOR LAUNDROMAT*, LIKE THE LAST PLACE YOU INSISTED WE BUST.

RAGE

IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN *SO BAD*, IF YOU HADN'T BEAT UP THE *NUN!*

I DIDN'T BEAT HER UP, I TACKLED HER... AND ONLY BECAUSE YOU SCREAMED OUT SHE HAD A *GUN!*

WELLLL... SHE SHOULDN'T BE CARRYING AROUND GUN-METAL WRAPPED FRENCH BREAD!

FRED, ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GONNA GET ME KILLED...

BLAM

A DANGEROUS PROFESSION, POLICE WORK.

SUPERMAN! FRED, IT'S SUPERMAN!

I CAN SEE THAT.

AND THIS FELLOW HAS EARPHONES, SO...

SO HE'S DEFINITELY NOT ALONE. BETTER CALL FOR BACK UP.

I AIN'T TALKIN'! I AIN'T TALKIN'! I AIN'T...

SHADDUP! SEEMS FUNNY TO BE CALLIN' FOR HELP WITH SUPERMAN RIGHT HERE!

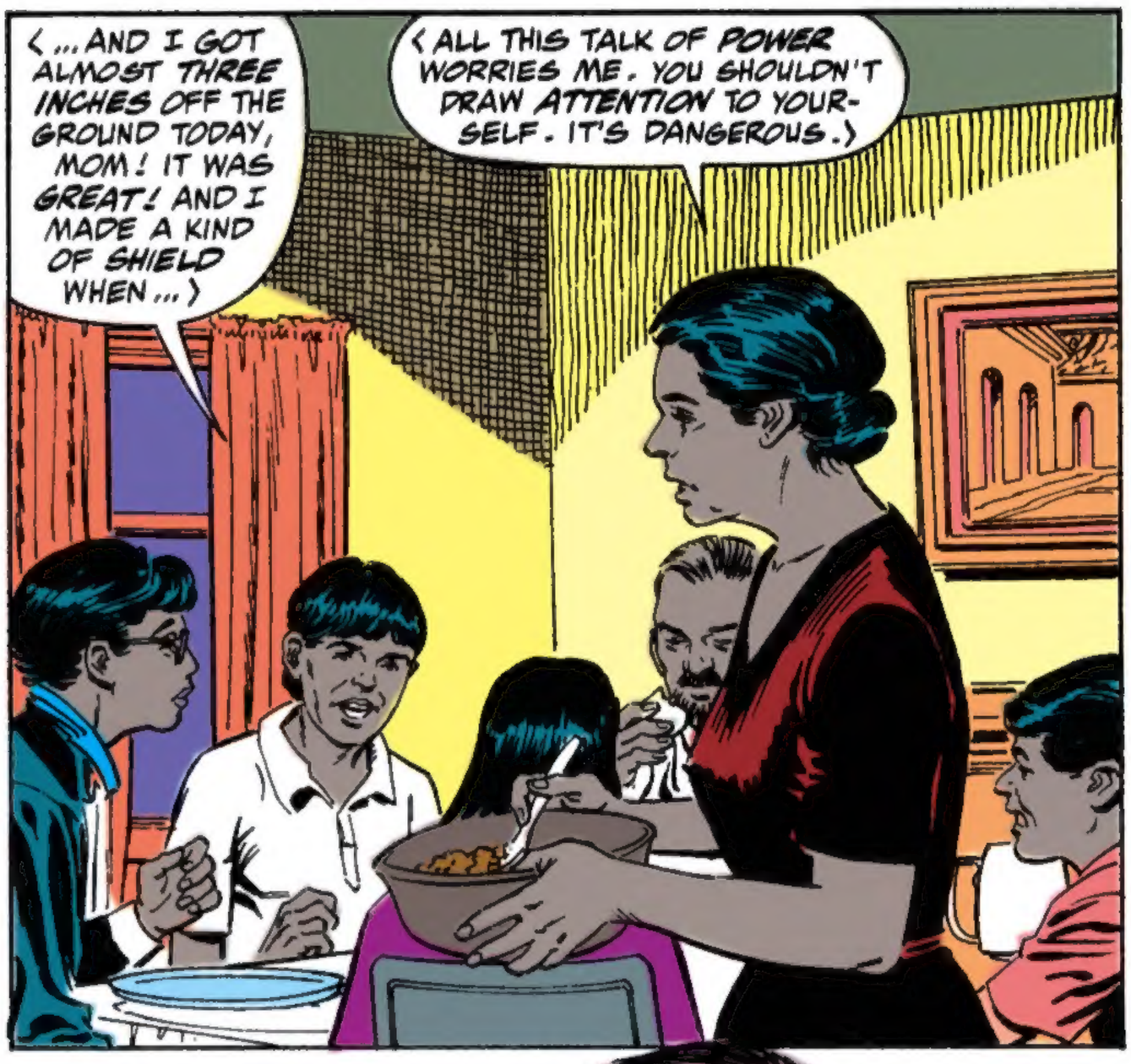
WE HAVE TO REPORT IN, ANYWAY. AND EVEN SUPERMAN CAN'T DO EVERY-THING.

I'LL AGREE WITH THAT! BUT AT LEAST I CAN CHECK OUT THE WARE-HOUSE FOR YOU WITH MY X-RAY VISION...

THAT'S ODD. WHY WOULD ANYONE LINE THE WALLS OF AN OLD WARE-HOUSE WITH LEAD?

SEARCH ME. THIS IS CAR ONE-NINER. WE NEED ASSIS-TANCE... WE ARE ON RIVERSIDE, EAST OF...

BRRRAATTTAAATTTAAATTTAAATTT

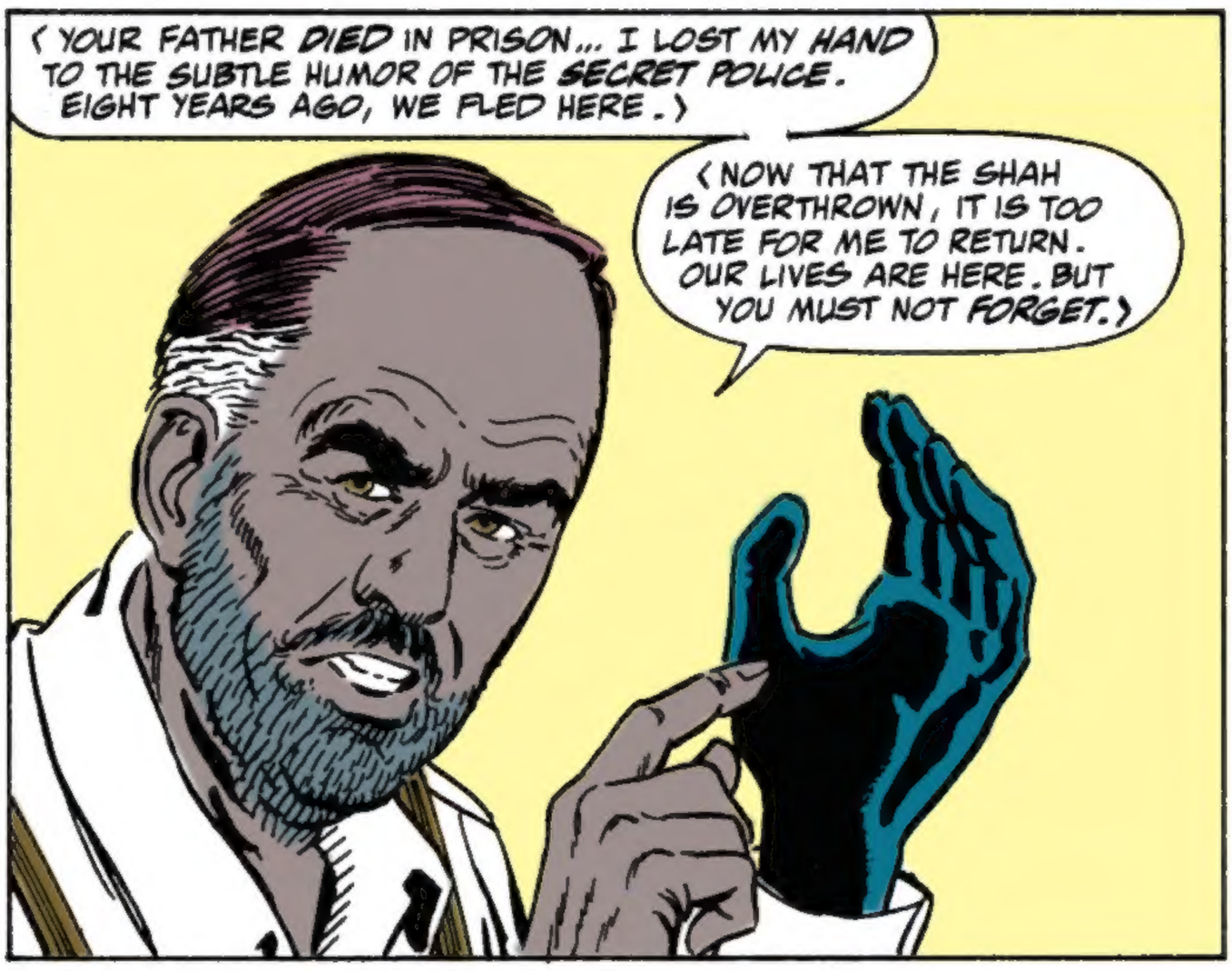

〈...AND I GOT ALMOST THREE INCHES OFF THE GROUND TODAY, MOM! IT WAS GREAT! AND I MADE A KIND OF SHIELD WHEN...〉
〈ALL THIS TALK OF POWER WORRIES ME. YOU SHOULDN'T DRAW ATTENTION TO YOURSELF. IT'S DANGEROUS.〉

〈NOT TO MENTION STUPID! WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO, FLOATING THREE INCHES UP?〉
〈WELL... SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THE HIGH SHELVES WITHOUT A LADDER AND I CAN HELP UNCLE JAHIR RESHINGLE THE ROOF...!〉

〈HUH! BETTER YOU SHOULD DROP FROM THE SKIES LIKE AN AVENGER AND PROTECT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!〉
〈YES, UNCLE JAHIR HAS BEEN HELD UP IN THE STORE THREE TIMES!〉
〈RIGHT. THE BARBARIANS ARE AT THE GATES! THIS IS SO PARANOID...!〉
〈THE POLICE DON'T CARE! THE COSTUMES DON'T CARE! NO ONE OUTSIDE GIVES A DAMN ABOUT US!〉
〈WE HAVE TO BE STRONG! OTHERWISE, WE'LL BE DESTROYED!〉

〈SORAYA, YOU HAVE A SMART MOUTH! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER AND I WENT THROUGH!〉
〈ALLAH, SAVE US! THIS WILL BE THE "HOW WE SUFFERED UNDER THE CRUEL SHAH" SPEECH!〉

〈YOU CHILDREN FORGET HOW WE ALL SUFFERED UNDER THE CRUEL SHAH!〉
〈ALL QURACI GROANED IN FEAR AND PAIN! IT WAS A NIGHTMARE!〉


〈YOUR FATHER DIED IN PRISON... I LOST MY HAND TO THE SUBTLE HUMOR OF THE SECRET POLICE. EIGHT YEARS AGO, WE FLED HERE.〉
〈NOW THAT THE SHAH IS OVERTHROWN, IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME TO RETURN. OUR LIVES ARE HERE. BUT YOU MUST NOT FORGET.〉

〈WE CAN'T FORGET! NO ONE LETS US!〉
〈AT SCHOOL, THEY SAY THE COLONEL IS AN EVIL MAN, WORSE THAN THE SHAH! AND THEY WHISPER "TERRORIST, TERRORIST" BEHIND OUR BACKS!〉
〈THAT'S WHY I LET THE KIDS CALL ME "DAVID" RATHER THAN "DAVOOD." IT'S EASIER.〉

〈YOU PRETEND YOU'RE NOT AN ARAB, NOT QURACI? THAT IS VERY BAD!〉
〈AWW, TO THEM, "ARAB" MEANS SINBAD THE SAILOR OR ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES! OR SOMEBODY WHO BLOWS UP AIRPLANES!〉

〈IF THEY INSULT YOU, THEN YOU FIGHT! MAKE THEM RESPECT YOU!〉
〈JAHIR... DON'T BE MAD... IT DOES NO GOOD!〉

〈I KNOW, MUNEA. THEY THINK OF US AS IGNORANT *PEASANTS* WHO BELIEVE IN *GENII* AND *FLYING CARPETS*. BUT YOU KIDS WILL PROVE THEM *WRONG!*〉

〈YOU WILL GO TO SCHOOL, GET *GOOD JOBS*, NOT WORK IN A GROCERY STORE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, LIKE ME...〉

〈I DON'T *NEED* TO GO TO SCHOOL! NOT EVEN *SUPERMAN* C'N DO THIS!〉

〈AND WHO'S GOING TO PAY YOU TO DO THAT? A *FREAK SHOW*?〉

〈IT'S BETTER THAN BEING A *STUPID SECRETARY!*〉

〈YOU'RE JUST *JEALOUS!* *LEXCORP'S* A WONDERFUL PLACE TO WORK! AND THERE'S LOTS OF ROOM FOR *ADVANCEMENT!*〉

〈HERE. IF YOU HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY TO FIGHT, THEN YOU CAN *BOTH* CLEAN UP TONIGHT!〉

〈WHAT...?〉

〈BUT... BUT...〉

〈THIS IS *YOUR* FAULT!〉

〈WELL... LEXCORP *IS* A GOOD PLACE TO WORK. I THINK *EXCITING* THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO ME THERE...〉

MY GOD! STAY DOWN.

POLICE

DON'T WORRY. WHAT WAS THAT?

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRING *THESE*, I SUPPOSE. THEY BOUNCED OFF ME. A *LOT* OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

EVEN THE ONES THAT HIT THE CAR AREN'T DENTED. WHAT...?

:UHHHHNGGG!:

OH, NO! FRED!

LOOKS LIKE I STEPPED IN FRONT OF ONE THIS TIME ...GINGER...GUESS ...THE NUN... GOT ME...

FRED AND GINGER?

IT WAS... JUST A JOKE. HIS NAME'S JIM FREDDERS. MINE'S JOAN ROGERS. A STUPID JOKE...

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL...

UHHH. TAGGED ME, TOO. NEVER NOTICED. JUST A FLESH WOUND. HA HA.

SHE'S STARTING TO GO INTO SHOCK. BETTER...

WHAT'S THAT...?

TREEEEEEE

SSSSSSSSSSSSS

LOOK OUT!

A LASER BEAM? WHAT IS THIS?

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

THEY'RE COMING FROM THE WAREHOUSE! HOLD IT, FLYBOYS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WHUDD

I FELT THAT... WHAT KIND OF WEAPONS ARE THESE?!

SUPERMAN! OVER THERE!

MY... GOD.

GONE... FASTER THAN I CAN FOLLOW.

COME ON. WE'VE GOT TO SEE IF THEY LEFT ANYTHING.

WHAT... WAS IT?

I HAVE... NO IDEA.

THE SEAT FROM THE PATROL CAR WILL MAKE A GOOD *STRETCHER* UNTIL WE REACH THE *HOSPITAL*.

WHAT IN *GOD'S NAME* HAVE I BLUNDERED INTO?

"WE HAVE RECEIVED YOUR SHIPMENT OF 5900 UNITS FOR OPERATION NIGHTMARE. HOWEVER, SEVERAL OF THE UNITS..."

<IT IS SO EXCITING, WORKING ON LEXCORP'S PHILANTHROPIES...I WONDER WHAT ALL THESE CODENAMES REALLY MEAN...?>

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

HELLO, MR. LUTHOR.

"...MALFUNCTIONED, CAUSING A DELAY..."

<IT'S LEX LUTHOR!>

HELLO, MR....

MS. KREEL, ANY WORD FROM OUR COURIER ON THE, UM... BLACK BELT MATTER?

NO, SIR. HE MUST'VE BEEN... DETAINED.

PITY. I NEED NEW FILES ON ALL THESE COMPANIES. THE INFORMATION SHOULD BE UPDATED AND NEW QUERY LETTERS SENT... BEFORE THE WEEKEND.

YES, SIR.

MS. NASSUR WILL BE GLAD TO STAY LATE TONIGHT.

UH... YES, MA'AM.

LAST NIGHT WAS ONE OF THE *WEIRDEST* NIGHTS OF MY LIFE. EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO QUICKLY, I...

'MORNING, KENT. YOU HEAR ABOUT THE *TERRORISTS* DOWN BY THE RIVER?

UH, SOMETHING. A COUPLE OF POLICE WERE SHOT, RIGHT?

RIGHT. AND THEN *SUPERMAN* SHOWED UP AND RAN THE *TOWEL-HEADS* OFF.

UH... I DIDN'T READ ANYWHERE THAT IT WAS *ARABS*, KEITH.

ISN'T IT ALWAYS?

LET ME TELL YOU, KENT... WE'D BE A LOT *SAFER* IF SUPERMAN WAS GIVEN *TOTAL POWER!*

HE NEVER GETS TIRED, RIGHT? WELL, HE COULD JUST *CIRCLE* THE GLOBE WITH HIS *X-RAYS* ON AND SEE *EVERYTHING!*

AND ANYBODY WHO WAS OUT OF LINE... HE'D JUST *SWAT 'EM!*

I DON'T THINK I'D WANT ANYONE TO HAVE *THAT* MUCH POWER. I'M AFRAID HE'D BE TEMPTED TO *MISUSE* IT.

HE DOES MAKE *MISTAKES*, YOU KNOW.

AHH, YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR *PROBLEM* IS, KENT?

YOU DON'T HAVE THE SAME *FAITH* IN SUPERMAN THAT THE REST OF US DO!

MUCH LATER THAT EVENING...

〈OHHH, I HATE THIS! I'M SO TIRED... GOOD THING I CALLED MUTI* AND TOLD HER I'D BE LATE.〉

*MUTI: MOTHER.

〈THAT'S IT. I'VE GOT TO GET SOME FRESH AIR. MAYBE THE SIDE DOOR TO THE PARKING LOT IS STILL OPEN.〉

〈THIS IS BETTER JUST BECAUSE I'M THE NEW KID, MS. KREEL DUMPS EVERYTHING OFF ON ME. MAYBE UNCLE JAHIR IS RIGHT. MAYBE...〉

〈HEY, SIS!〉

〈DAYOOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?〉

〈I BROUGHT YOU A SANDWICH AND SOME HOT COFFEE. JUST TO WIN YOUR ETERNAL GRATITUDE!〉

〈CLOWN! THANK YOU!〉

〈YOU WANT A LIFT HOME? IT'S LATE.〉

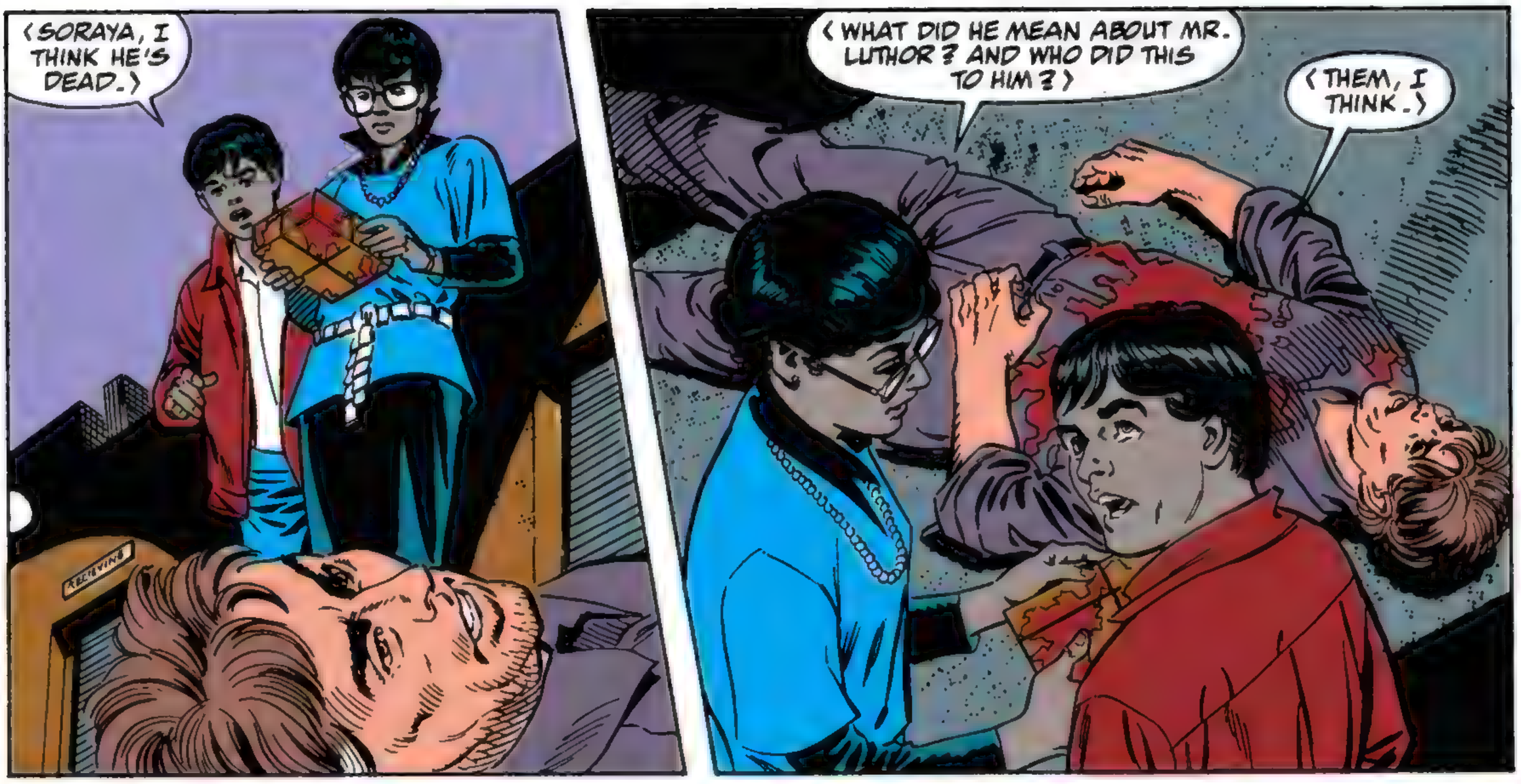
〈I CAN'T. I'LL PROBABLY BE HERE ALL NIGHT. I...〉

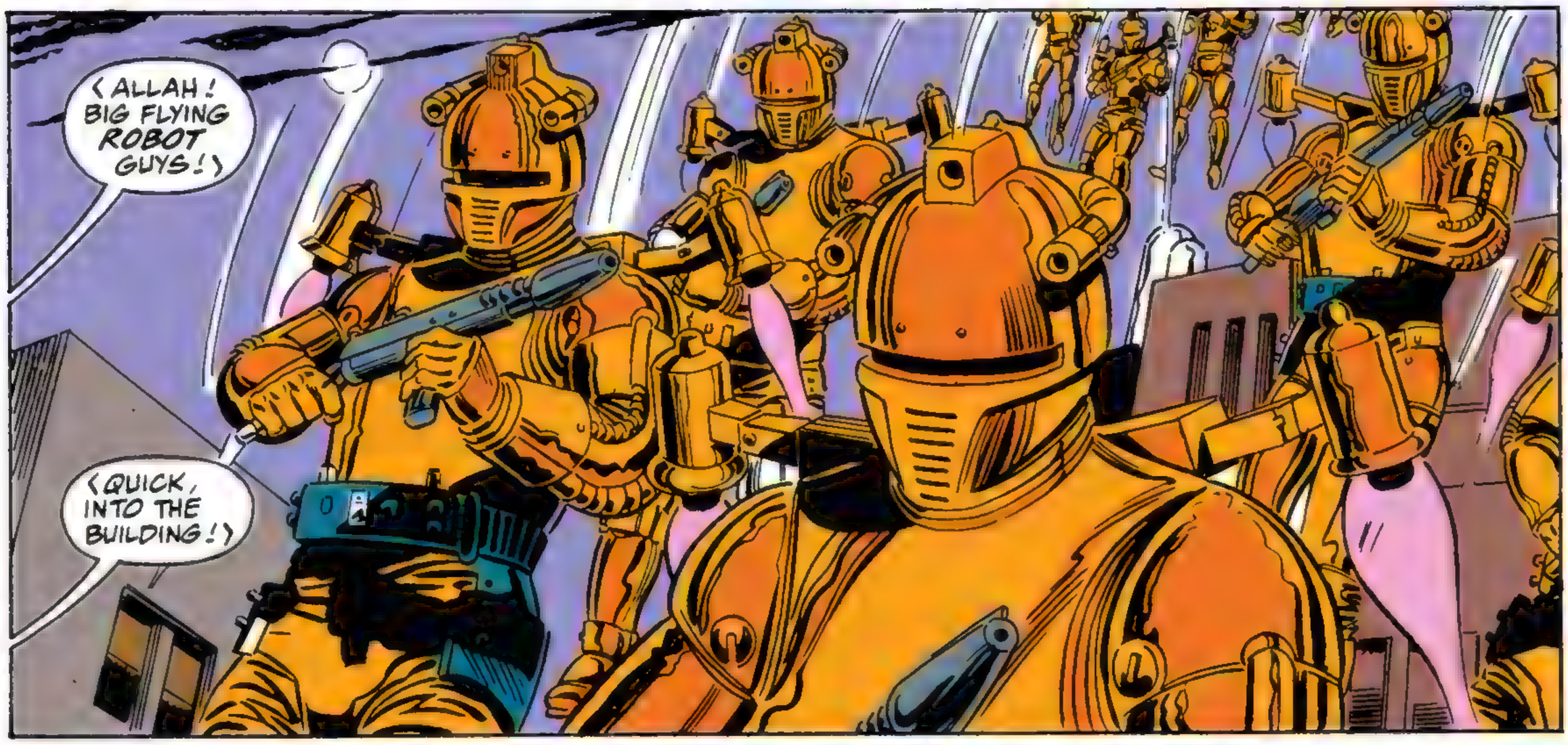
HELP ME... I ESCAPED FROM THEM...

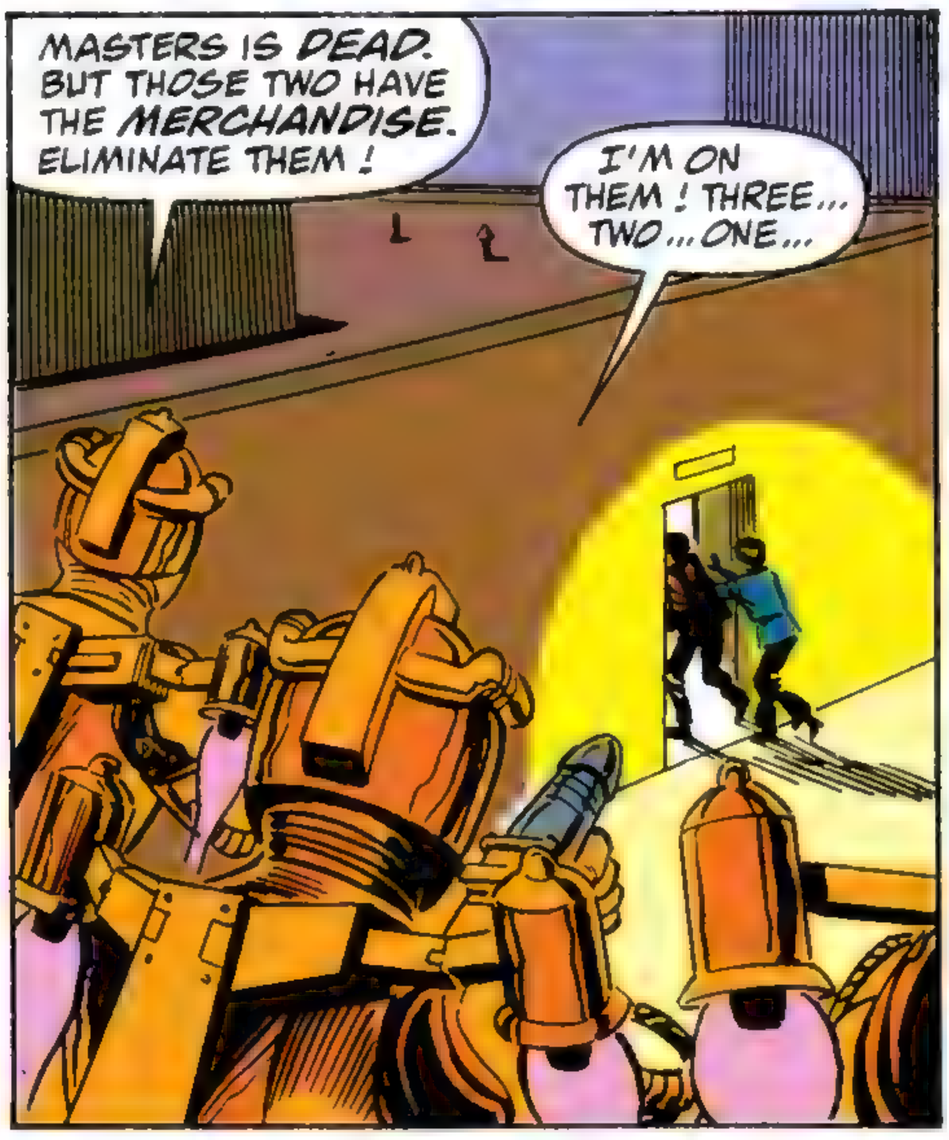
HERE... ;COF-COF;... TAKE THIS... DON'T LET THEM GET IT... ;COFF;

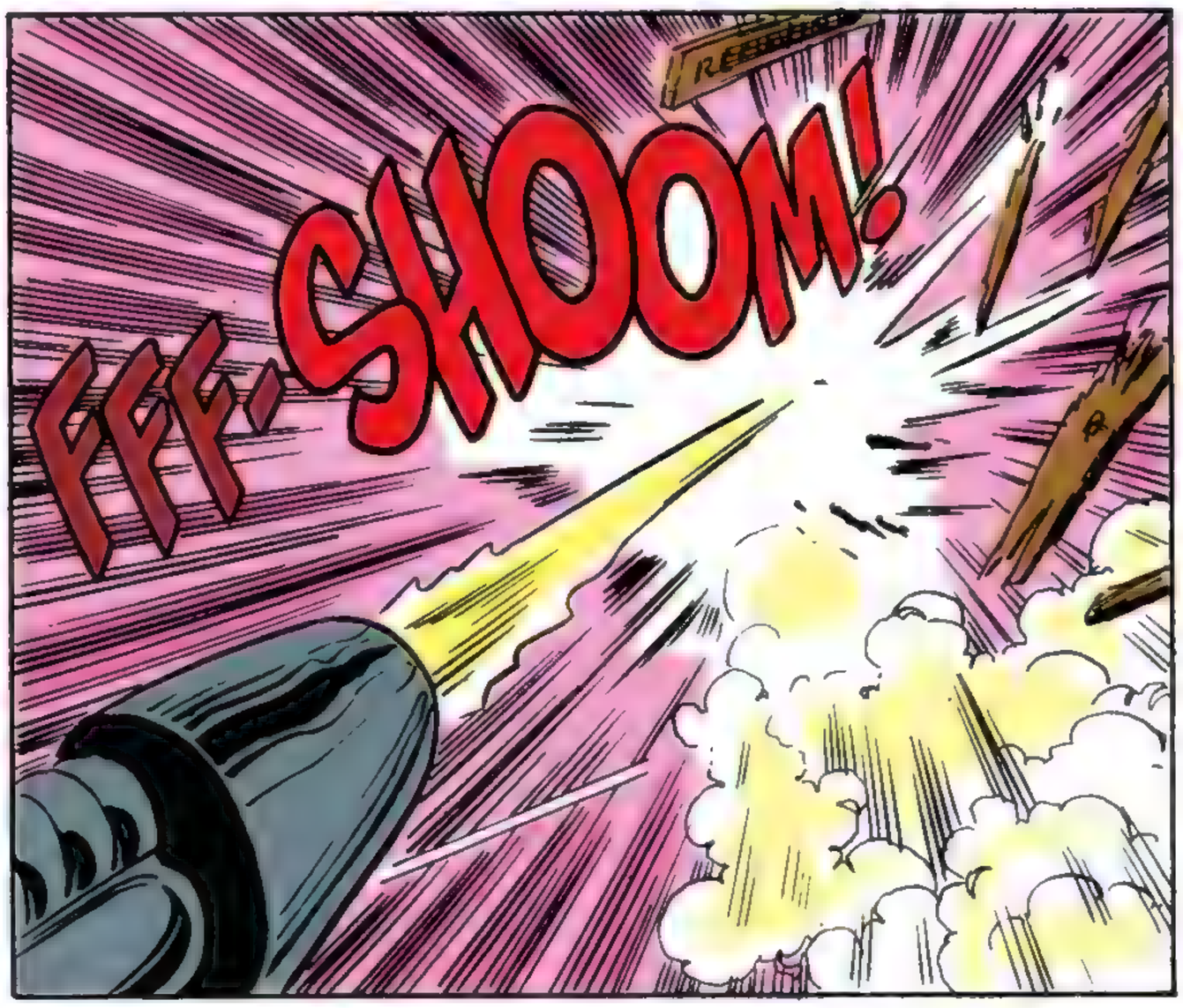
YOU... YOU'RE HURT!

TELL LUTHOR... TELL HIM... MY DEBT IS... ;COFF-COFF; PAID... HE CAN'T REACH ME... ANYMOOORRR;


〈SORAYA, I THINK HE'S DEAD.〉
〈WHAT DID HE MEAN ABOUT MR. LUTHOR? AND WHO DID THIS TO HIM?〉
〈THEM, I THINK.〉


〈ALLAH! BIG FLYING ROBOT GUYS!〉
〈QUICK, INTO THE BUILDING!〉


MASTERS IS DEAD. BUT THOSE TWO HAVE THE MERCHANDISE. ELIMINATE THEM!
I'M ON THEM! THREE... TWO... ONE...


FFF-SHOOM!

WHOA. WHAT WAS *THAT?*

IT SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION COMING FROM *LEXCORP.* WHAT *NOW?*

I'D BETTER CHECK THIS OUT... SOMETHING COULD BE SERIOUSLY...

...WRONG. THEY WEREN'T CAUGHT IN THE SHOCK-WAVE. SPREAD OUT QUICKLY AND...

"...SHOOT THEM ON SIGHT!"

⟨THEY... }GASP{ ...BLEW IT UP! THEY JUST *BLEW AWAY* THE WHOLE... }PANT{ ...SIDE OF THE BUILDING!⟩

⟨KEEP GOING! IF THEY CAN'T *FIND* US, THEY CAN'T BLOW *US* AWAY!⟩

⟨I'VE GOT TO STOP. I THINK WE'VE LOST THEM.⟩

⟨WELL, FOR A MINUTE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND A PHONE.⟩

⟨LET'S OPEN THE PACKAGE!⟩

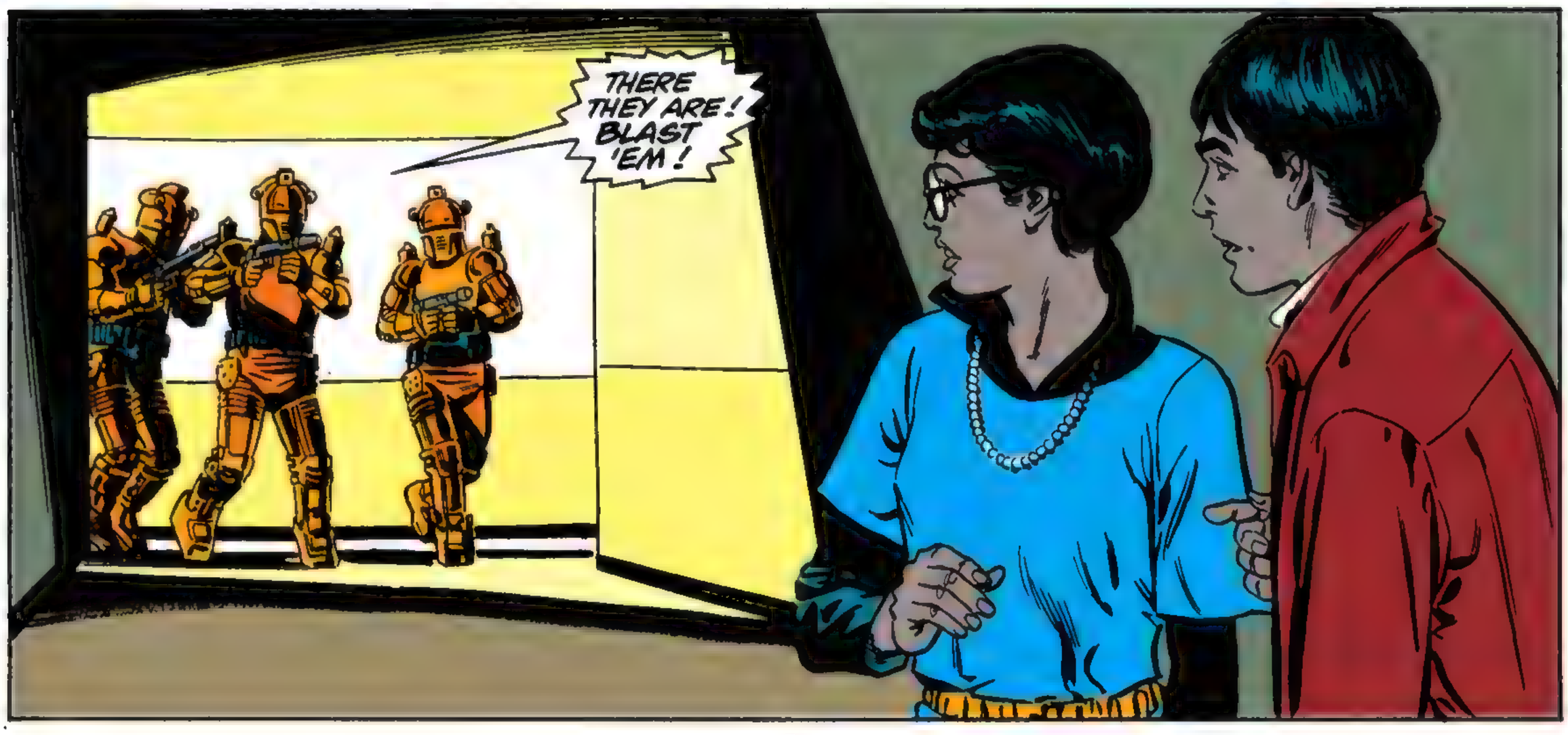
⟨WHAT?⟩

〈IT ISN'T EVEN OURS! AND YOU WANT TO OPEN IT NOW, WITH GOD-KNOWS-WHAT AFTER US?〉
〈IT COULD BE DRUGS. DO YOU WANT TO GET CAUGHT CARRYING COCAINE OR SOMETHING? BESIDES, I WANT TO KNOW WHY THEY'RE CHASING US!〉

〈I DON'T THINK MR. LUTHOR COULD BE INVOLVED WITH DRUGS, BUT... MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK.〉
〈GREAT!〉

〈IT'S A BELT! A REALLY WICKED LOOKING BELT!〉
〈SEE, IT FITS ME AND IT LOOKS HOT! AND THIS WAY WE DON'T HAVE TO CARRY IT!〉

〈I THINK YOU LOOK LIKE A BIKER!〉


THERE THEY ARE! BLAST 'EM!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

(NOOOOO!)

PING PING PING PING

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

(DAVOOD... YOUR SHIELD... IT STOPPED THE BULLETS!)

CHARGE THEM... NOW!

(OH, NO... I...)

KA

BOOM

〈ALLAH.〉

:UUHHHH:

〈IT'S AS IF ALL MY POWERS WERE... MAGNIFIED...〉

〈DAVOOD... THEY'RE CLOSING IN...〉

〈HOLD TIGHT, SORAYA. I'M GOING TO TRY TO JUMP OVER THEM...〉

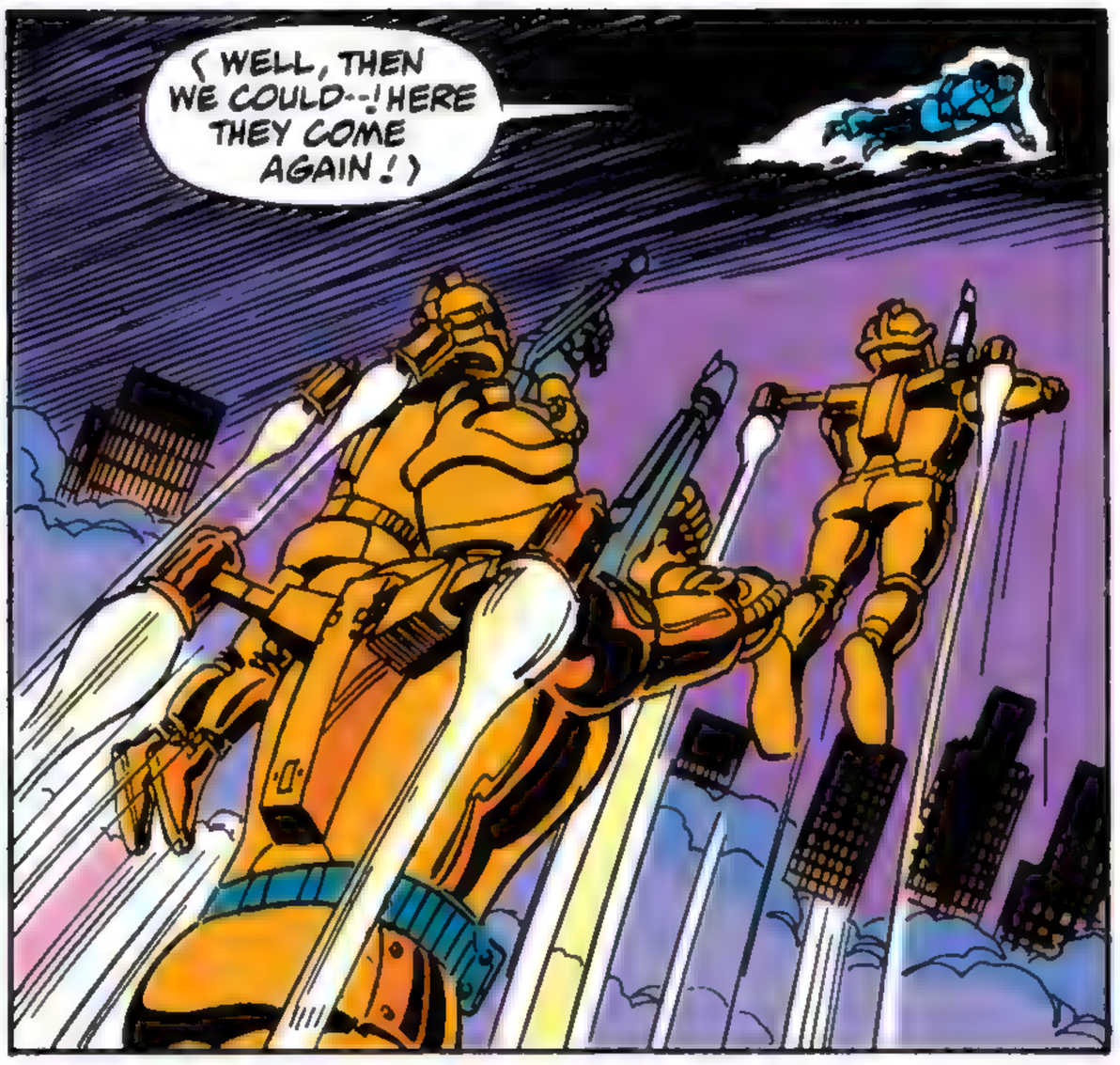
KKRUMP

LEXCORP

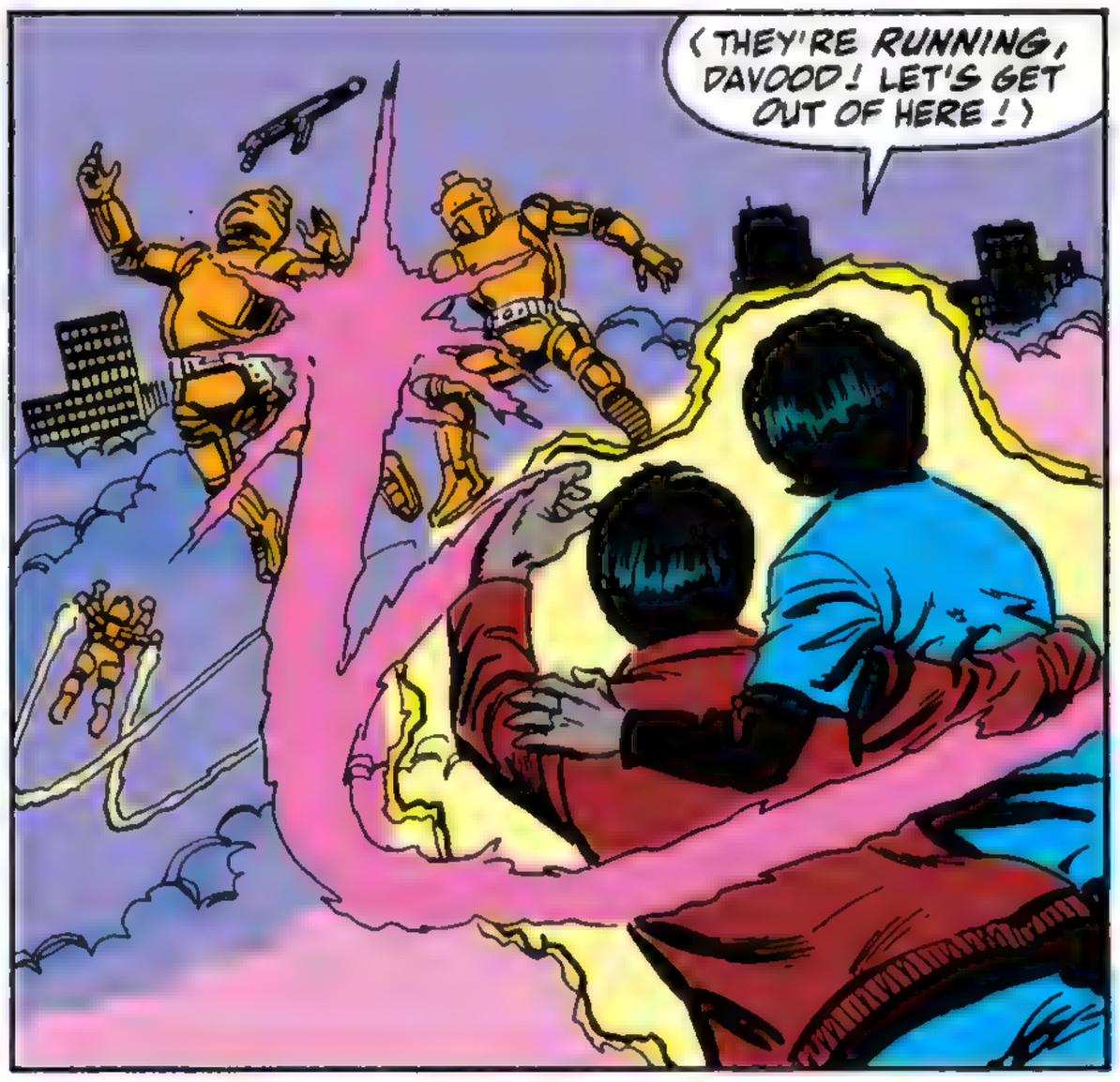
〈D-DAVOOD? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DO THIS.〉

〈N-NEITHER DID I.〉

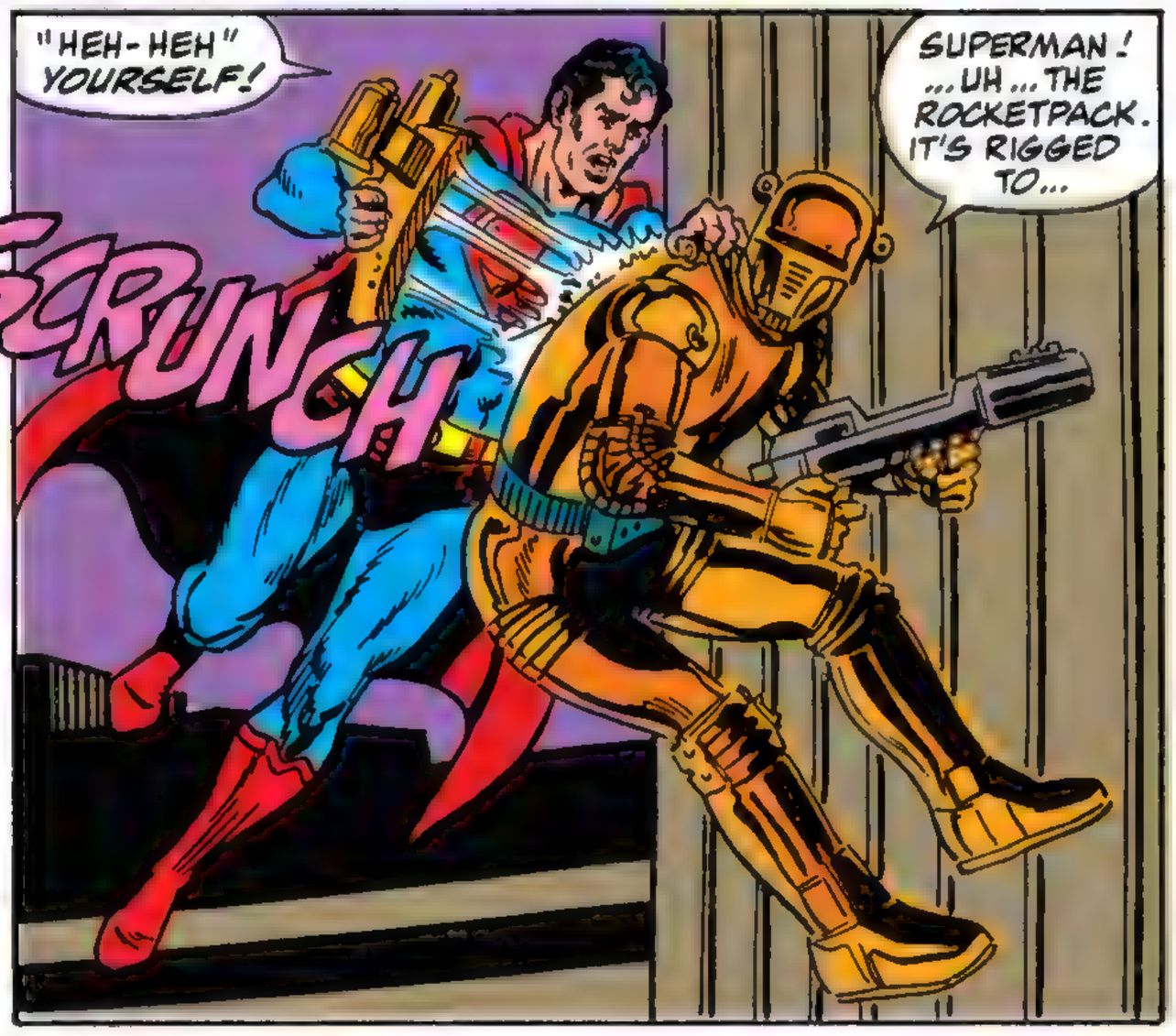
(MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST FLOAT AWAY AND LEAVE THEM DOWN THERE.)
(WE CAN'T! UNCLE JAHIR'S TRUCK IS DOWN THERE!)


(WELL, THEN WE COULD--! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!)

(KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, SORAYA!)
BRATATATATA TATATATATATAT


(THEY'RE RUNNING, DAVOOD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!)

(MAYBE WE'VE SCARED THEM OFF.)
MAYBE NOT. HEH-HEH ...


"HEH-HEH" YOURSELF!
SCRUNCH
SUPERMAN! ...UH ...THE ROCKETPACK. IT'S RIGGED TO...

FOOOOOM!

WHAT... IS GOING ON HERE?

(WHAT WAS THAT? A LIGHTNING BOLT?)

(NO! IT'S SUPERMAN!)

(RIGHT! REMEMBER HOW HE TRASHED QURAC! LAST YEAR? IF HE FINDS OUT WE'RE QURAC, HE'LL TEAR US APART!)

(WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! HE'LL NEVER LISTEN TO OUR SIDE OF THIS!)

(WE'RE SAFE. THEY'VE ALL LEFT.)

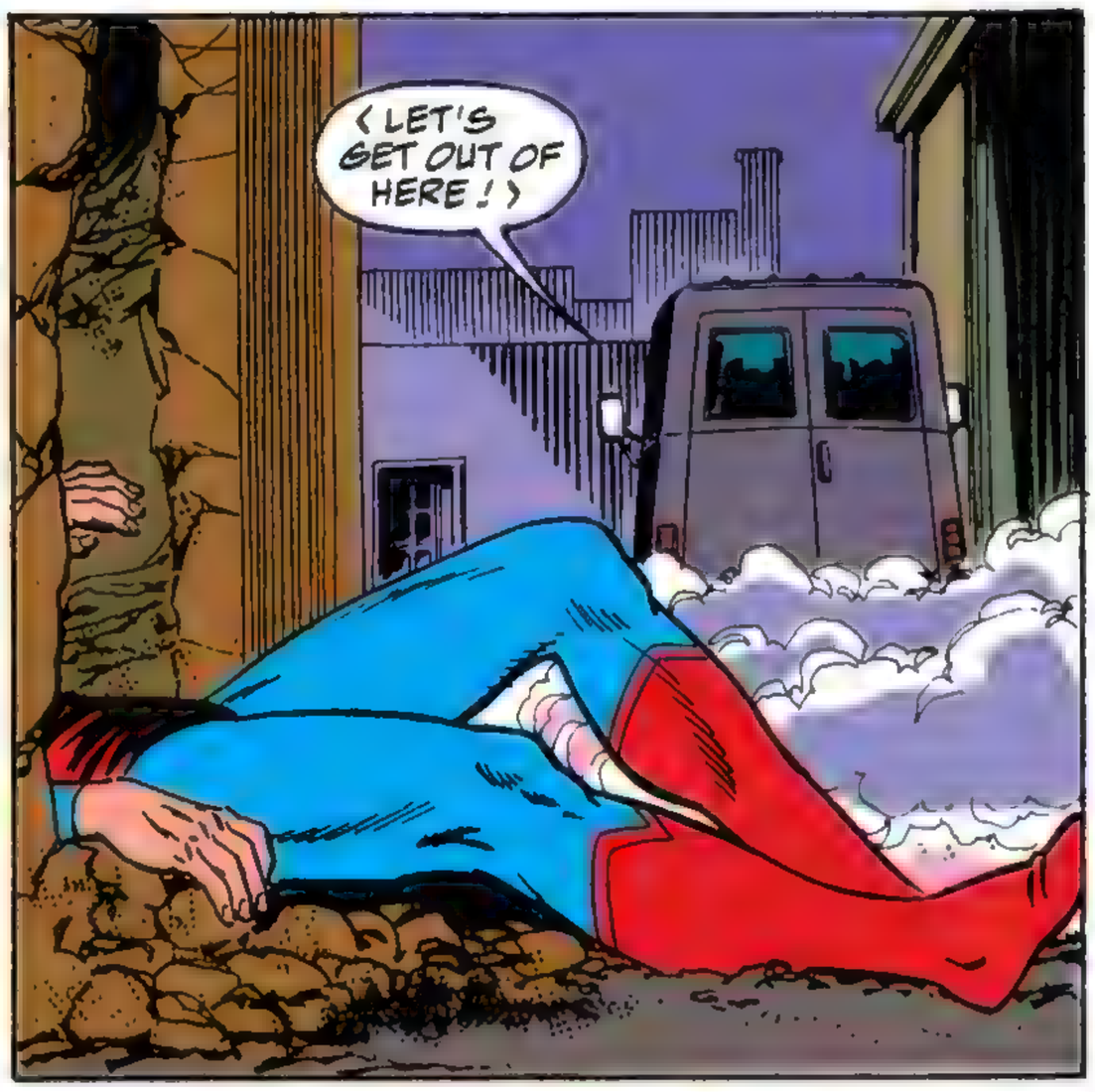
(THAT SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY GOOD IDEA FOR US, TOO! GET TO THE TRUCK! HURRY!)

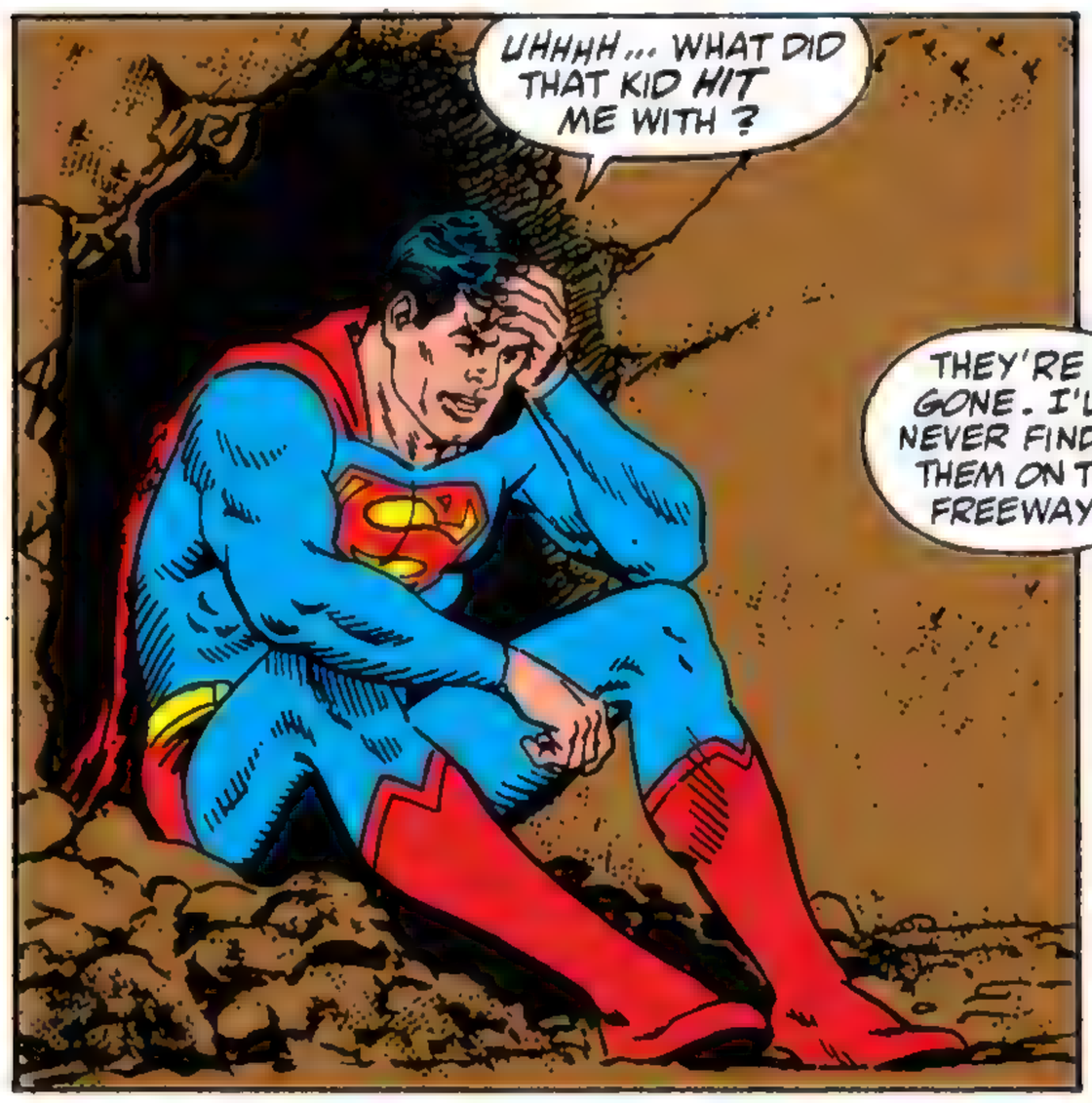
HOLD IT A SECOND, YOUNG LADY! THERE'RE A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS I NEED ANSWERED!

(DAVOOD!)

(GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER !)

(YOU KNOCKED HIM OUT...)


(LET'S GET OUT OF HERE !)


UHHHH... WHAT DID THAT KID HIT ME WITH ?
THEY'RE GONE. I'LL NEVER FIND THEM ON THE FREEWAY.

BUT THEY WERE SPEAKING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE... AND I MAY BE ABLE TO TRACE THAT TRUCK... TOMORROW.

ELSEWHERE...

SO, THIS IS THE WAY IT ENDS.

I'M *RICH*, RICH BEYOND MOST MEN'S IMAGININGS... *ENTOMBED* WITH POWER...

AND YET, I CAN'T SAVE MYSELF. I'LL BE *DEAD* IN A YEAR.

AND I COULDN'T SAVE JERRY.

THE *WEAK-NESS* IS WORSE...

THE DOCTORS LOOK AT ME WITH *PITY* IN THEIR EYES... *ME!*

I'LL DIE AND MY EMPIRE WILL *CRUMBLE*. I'LL BE FORGOTTEN.

BUT IF I MUST DIE, IT WON'T BE AS THE *SECOND* MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH...

SUPERMAN *MUST* DIE *FIRST!*

NEXT WEEK: IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #471:

"SINBAD STRIKES AGAIN!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN TWO WEEKS: IN ACTION COMICS #658:

"SINBAD'S SACRIFICE!"

DEEP IN THE LITTLE QURAC SECTION OF METROPOLIS, WHILE MOST SLEEP, ONE SMALL GROUP KEEPS A WORRIED VIGIL. FOR DAVOOD NASSUR AND HIS FAMILY, LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

The SINBAD CONTRACT

Part Two

BECAUSE EARLIER TODAY, DAVOOD NASSUR BECAME MORE THAN HUMAN.

(AND THESE ARMORED MEN? YOU BEAT THEM ALL?)

(AND I FLEW! LIKE A JET! IT WAS GREAT!)

NASSUR GROCE

ONE WAY

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

BILL MESSNER-LOEBS WRITER * CURT SWAN PENCILLER * DENNIS JANKE INKER

BILL OAKLEY ~ LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE ~ COLORIST

JONATHAN PETERSON ASSOCIATE EDITOR * MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

(...SO WE TOOK ABOUT AN HOUR GETTING HOME, MAKING SURE WE WEREN'T FOLLOWED.)

(THIS IS ALL... INCREDIBLE.)

(APPARENTLY THE *BELT* AMPLIFIES THE POWERS I ALREADY HAD. WHEN I TAKE IT OFF, *NOTHING*.)

(IT DOESN'T FEEL *WEIRD*, JUST COLD.)

(IT MAKES ME NERVOUS.)

(IT ISN'T YOURS. YOU MUST GIVE IT BACK TO MR. LUTHOR, OR WHOEVER IT REALLY BELONGS TO.)

(YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT! HAVING IT HERE WILL ONLY BRING DANGER TO THE WHOLE FAMILY!)

(I'M NOT SURE *WHO* IT REALLY BELONGS TO. OR HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THEM.)

(THE... MAN THIS EVENING... HE WAS TALKING AS IF MR. LUTHOR WAS A *CRIMINAL* OF SOME KIND. AND THAT *CAN'T* BE RIGHT.)

(YOU *COULD* BE A *HERO*! YOU CAN FIGHT *CRIMINALS* AND *MAD SCIENTISTS*!)

(YOU COULD BE *SINBAD* AND FIGHT MONSTERS!)

〈IT SURE FELT GREAT TO FLY... AND TO HAVE ALL THAT STRENGTH! I EVEN TOOK OUT SUPERMAN!〉

〈TRUE. AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE COMES LOOKING FOR YOU? HE'LL RIP THIS WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD APART TO FIND YOU!〉

〈AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHERS? THE ARMORED MEN? WHAT CAN WE DO IF THEY...?〉

CRASH

〈WHAT WAS THAT?〉

〈IT CAME FROM DOWNSTAIRS!〉

〈BURGLARS, PERHAPS... OR ONLY THE CAT...〉

〈I'M GOING DOWN TO CHECK.〉

〈NO, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!〉

〈LET HIM GO, MUNEA! FOR ONCE HE'S NOT ACTING LIKE A DREAMER OR A CHILD...〉

THUNK

CRAASH!

HEY, JERRY, QUIT KNOCKIN' THINGS OVER, WILLYA? PEOPLE ARE GONNA GET DOWN HERE BEFORE WE FIND THE REGISTER!

COOL IT, TIMBO. IT DON'T MATTER HOW MUCH RACKET WE MAKE.

I KNOCKED OVER THIS PLACE BEFORE! THERE'S JUST ONE CRIPPLED GUY UPSTAIRS, HIS SISTER AND A BUNCH OF KIDS! THEY'RE ALL HIDING!

AND SO WHAT IF THEY CALL THE COPS? THE COPS DON'T LIKE TO COME TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

MACK! SLICER! YOU GUYS FIND ANYTHING YET?

THUNK!

HEY, GUYS... DON'T MESS AROUND ON US NOW... WE GOTTA GET...

UHHHHH...

YOU FEEBS JUST BOUGHT YOURSELVES A LOT OF TROUBLE.

FRESH Vegetables DELI MEAT and DAIRY

SCRRAAASSSHHHT

MR. LUTHOR! MR. LUTHOR! WAKE UP! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT...

:HUUMMM?: THASS GOOD... DO THA...SOME...

GOODWIN? WHAT IS THIS? AN ACCIDENT? WHERE?

LEXCORP HEADQUARTERS. THEY'VE BEEN TRASHED!

THERE'S A HOLE THE SIZE OF A SMALL VAN *DRILLED* FROM THE MAIN FLOOR TO THE ROOF.

COULD IT HAVE BEEN A BOMB?

NEGATIVE. THE SIDE DOORS HAVE ALSO BEEN BLOWN AWAY. AND *CARL MASTERS* WAS FOUND, DEAD, BY THE PARKING LOT.

ALSO, WE FOUND TRACES OF *ARMORED* FIGHTING SUITS.

IT LOOKS LIKE MASTERS TRIED TO DELIVER THE *BLACK BELT*, BUT THE *OPPOSITION* FOUND HIM FIRST.

HOWEVER, FROM THE DAMAGE, IT LOOKS LIKE A *THIRD PARTY* WAS ALSO INVOLVED... POSSIBLY *META-HUMAN*.

AND THE *BELT*?

GONE.

DISPOSE OF THE BODY AND CLEAN UP AS MUCH OF THE DAMAGE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE MORNING.

THESE EVENTS *NEVER HAPPENED*.

AND, GOODWIN, FIND THAT *BELT*. ELIMINATE WHOEVER STANDS IN YOUR WAY! BUT *FIND* THAT BELT!

NOW!!

I SAID NOW! GO!

:AARRRRGGG...!:

THE PAIN! GOT TO FIGHT THE PAIN... FIGHT IT...

HAVE TO SIT... IF I CAN JUST SIT...

BETTER... BUT EACH BOUT WITH THE PAIN LEAVES ME A LITTLE WEAKER...

AND I CAN'T BE WEAK NOW...

NOT NOW...

IF I'M *EVER* GOING TO FIGURE OUT THE WEIRDNESS THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, I HAVE TO START HERE... AT METROPOLIS GENERAL HOSPITAL

SOMEHOW, *EVERYONE* SEEMS TO END UP HERE SOONER OR LATER ... HEROES, VILLAINS...

...VICTIMS.

I HOPE THEY REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT THE ATTACK YESTERDAY.

OH, SORRY. I MUST'VE DOZED. WHO...?

PLEASE, GET YOUR REST. I'M A REPORTER... CLARK KENT, FROM THE *PLANET*.

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE INCIDENT YESTERDAY.

I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH. IT WAS A NIGHTMARE. FRED AND I WOULD'VE DIED IF *SUPERMAN* HADN'T BEEN THERE.

MAYBE. BUT SUPERMAN WAS NEVER IN ANY *REAL* DANGER. YOU TWO WERE RISKING YOUR *LIVES*.

I'D LIKE TO DO THE STORY FROM THAT PERSPECTIVE.

ALL EVERYBODY'S WANTED TO KNOW SINCE YESTERDAY IS "WHAT DID *SUPERMAN* DO? WHAT'S HE *LIKE*?"

YOU'RE A *FUNNY* MAN, MR. KENT.

MAYBE. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY DETAILS ABOUT THESE *FLYING* MEN YOU FOUGHT?

MEN HOS

REMEMBER THEM? I'LL REMEMBER THEM TILL I *DIE*!

...I SEE. YES, WELL, KEEP LOOKING. THIS IS YOUR TOP PRIORITY!

DAMN! ALL THESE MEN... CONTACTS... AND THERE'S NOT A CLUE ABOUT THE BELT!

IT'S TOO VALUABLE TO HIDE. YOU'LL HEAR...

OF COURSE, I'LL HEAR! IT MAGNIFIES NATURAL META-HUMAN TENDENCIES A THOUSAND TIMES!

WHEN IT'S SOLD TO SOMEONE ELSE, I'LL HEAR! WHEN WORD IS LEAKED TO THE MEN I'VE ALREADY PROMISED IT TO, I'LL HEAR! WHEN...

BRRRRIINNGG

YES?

IT'S SORAYA NASSUR, MR. LUTHOR. I WORK FOR YOU, IN SECTION 2, AND, WELL, I MAY HAVE SOME INFORMATION...

I MEAN, OF COURSE I HAVE SOME INFORMATION. I HAVE THE THING ITSELF... SEE, I WAS WORKING LATE LAST NIGHT...

ANYWAY, I FOUND THIS BELT... MY BROTHER AND I DID...

AND WE DON'T WANT IT. REALLY. WE JUST WANT TO GIVE IT BACK. WE KNOW IT'S NOT OURS.

WE JUST DON'T WANT THERE TO BE ANY TROUBLE.

THERE WON'T BE, WILL THERE?

OF COURSE NOT, DEAR GIRL. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON IT.

AND THEN THIS HUGE "GLOWING BALL" SHOT INTO THE SKY?

YES. I'M SURPRISED THAT NEITHER OF THE TWO MEN WHO SUPERMAN CAPTURED YESTERDAY TOLD YOU ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

THEY'RE STILL IN INTENSIVE CARE. BUT--

EARTHQUAKE!

KRRUMBLE

NO. AN EXPLOSION OF SOME TYPE... ON THE FLOOR BELOW US...

FORTUNATELY, I CAN SEE THROUGH THE FLOOR...

AND WHAT I SEE IS PRETTY BAD...

THAT... ER, SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE FLOOR WHERE THE PRISONERS ARE BEING HELD!

CALL THE POLICE! I'M GOING DOWN!

BUT...

I WAS RIGHT. THEY'RE RESCUING HIM. I'D BETTER STOP THEM BEFORE THEY ESCAPE...

NOW WHAT?

HAH?

SPRANG

ER-WUMP

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

FREEZE, DUMMY! THAT GUY'S *OURS!*

YEAH, AND WE GOT THE STUFF T' OPEN YOU UP LIKE A *BEANCAN!*

ITACATACATACATACATACATACATAC

NO WAY! WE'LL SEE HIM *DEAD* FIRST!

ARE YOU PEOPLE *CRAZY?* YOU CAN'T *DOUBLE-CROSS* D.M.T.!

D.M.T? WHAT ON *EARTH* HAVE I STUMBLED ONTO?

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING OR THEY'LL *DESTROY* THE HOSPITAL.

AS YOU CAN SEE, SIR, THE NASSUR GIRL HAS WORKED HERE ABOUT SEVEN MONTHS. HER WORK RECORD IS EXCELLENT, BUT...

...SHE WASN'T DEEMED *FLEXIBLE* ENOUGH TO WORK ON THE MORE *SENSITIVE* PROJECTS. I *CAN* READ, THANK YOU, MS. KREEL.

UH, SIR...?

THERE'S BEEN A *CONFLICT* AT THE HOSPITAL. SQUAD *EPSILON* CONTACTED A COUPLE OF D.M.T. BATTLE SUITS. THERE HAVE BEEN CASUALTIES.

MS. NASSUR HAS ARRIVED, SIR...

SHOW HER IN.

AH, MS. NASSUR. SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER ME, MR. LUTHOR.

NONSENSE. IS THIS THE MERCHANDISE YOU FOUND?

YES, SIR. I CONVINCED MY BROTHER THAT WE SHOULD GIVE IT BACK.

WE'RE SORRY ABOUT THE DAMAGE, BUT WE WERE ATTACKED...

THINK NO MORE OF IT. SO YOUR *BROTHER* IS THE *META-HUMAN*?

YES, HE HAS POWERS... HE WAS NERVOUS ABOUT RETURNING THE BELT ...BUT I EXPLAINED WHAT SORT OF MAN YOU WERE...

HOW NICE OF YOU.

GOODWIN, BEGIN TESTS ON THE BELT IMMEDIATELY.

TAKE THE WOMAN TO OUR EUROPEAN COMPLEX. LOSE HER.

AND *PICK UP* THE BROTHER. WE'LL NEED HIM FOR THE *EXPERIMENTS*.

NO... NO!

UNFORTUNATELY, MY DEAR, YOU AND YOUR BROTHER ARE LIKE *FLIES IN AMBER*...

...INNOCENTS WITH NO COMPREHENSION OF THAT INTO WHICH THEY HAVE BLUNDERED ...UTTERLY...

...HELPLESS.

KRA-TOOOSCCH

DAVOOD!

〈YOU WERE RIGHT, SIS! MAKING THAT *DECOY BELT* REALLY BROUGHT HIM OUT IN THE OPEN!〉

〈I WAS SO *SURE* HE WAS A *GOOD* MAN!〉

PING

PING

PING

BLAM BLAM BLAM

〈GOOD FOR NOTHING!〉

WHUDD

THUDD

YOU TRIED TO HURT MY *SISTER*, PIG! DIDN'T YOU THINK THE BELT WOULD LET ME SEE AND HEAR THROUGH WALLS?

NO, BUT I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND FOR THE FUTURE.

ASSUMING YOU *HAVE* A FUTURE.

BE CAREFUL, YOUNG MAN... YOU *ARE* TRESPA--

STUPID, *GREEDY* OLD MAN.

<C'MON, SIS, WE'RE *GONE*!>

UNFORTUNATE...

NOW I'LL HAVE TO HAVE THAT OFFENSIVE YOUNG MAN PUT OUT OF COMMISSION.

THIS SAYS HIS FAMILY ARE *ARABS*, FROM *QURAC*.

THAT COULD BE *USEFUL*. VERY USEFUL.

IF THIS GOES ON MUCH LONGER, THE BUILDING FOUNDATION WILL COLLAPSE, KILLING HUNDREDS.

A DISTRACTION WOULD BREAK THIS STALEMATE...

BLAM BLAM

WHUMP

IF I APPEAR, IT'LL MEAN *MORE* FIGHTING. BUT IF I CAN KICK UP A CLOUD OF THIS *PLASTER DUST*...

FROOOSHH

:COFF-COFF: WHERE'D HE *GO*?

I'M OUTTA HERE! SO LONG, *IDIOTS*!

JOHNNY! IS THAT *YOU*, JOHNNY? I NEVER TOLD 'EM A THING ABOUT THE D.M.T. HONEST. I'VE BEEN *QUIET*.

GOOD. THAT'S WHAT THEY SENT ME TO *FIND OUT*...

...AND TO ALSO *KEEP* YOU QUIET. SORRY, DAVE.

AHHHHHHH

NOW I CAN *FOLLOW* THEM AT A DISTANCE AND-- WHAT'S HE *DOING*? OH, NO!

〈DAVOOD, WE'VE GOT TO WARN PEOPLE ABOUT MR. LUTHOR... TELL THEM ABOUT THE BELT!〉

〈IF WE CALL THE STAR OR THE DAILY PLANET...〉

〈ALLAH! THERE'S A MAN FALLING... MILES FROM HERE!〉

〈HANG ON, SORAYA!〉

〈WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "HANG--?"〉

YIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

SALE

〈DAVOOD NASSUR! IF YOU EVER DO THAT TO ME AGAIN, I WILL PERSONALLY...〉

〈SORRY, SIS! BUT IF I CAN HIT THINGS WITH THIS FORCE FIELD, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THINGS, TOO.〉

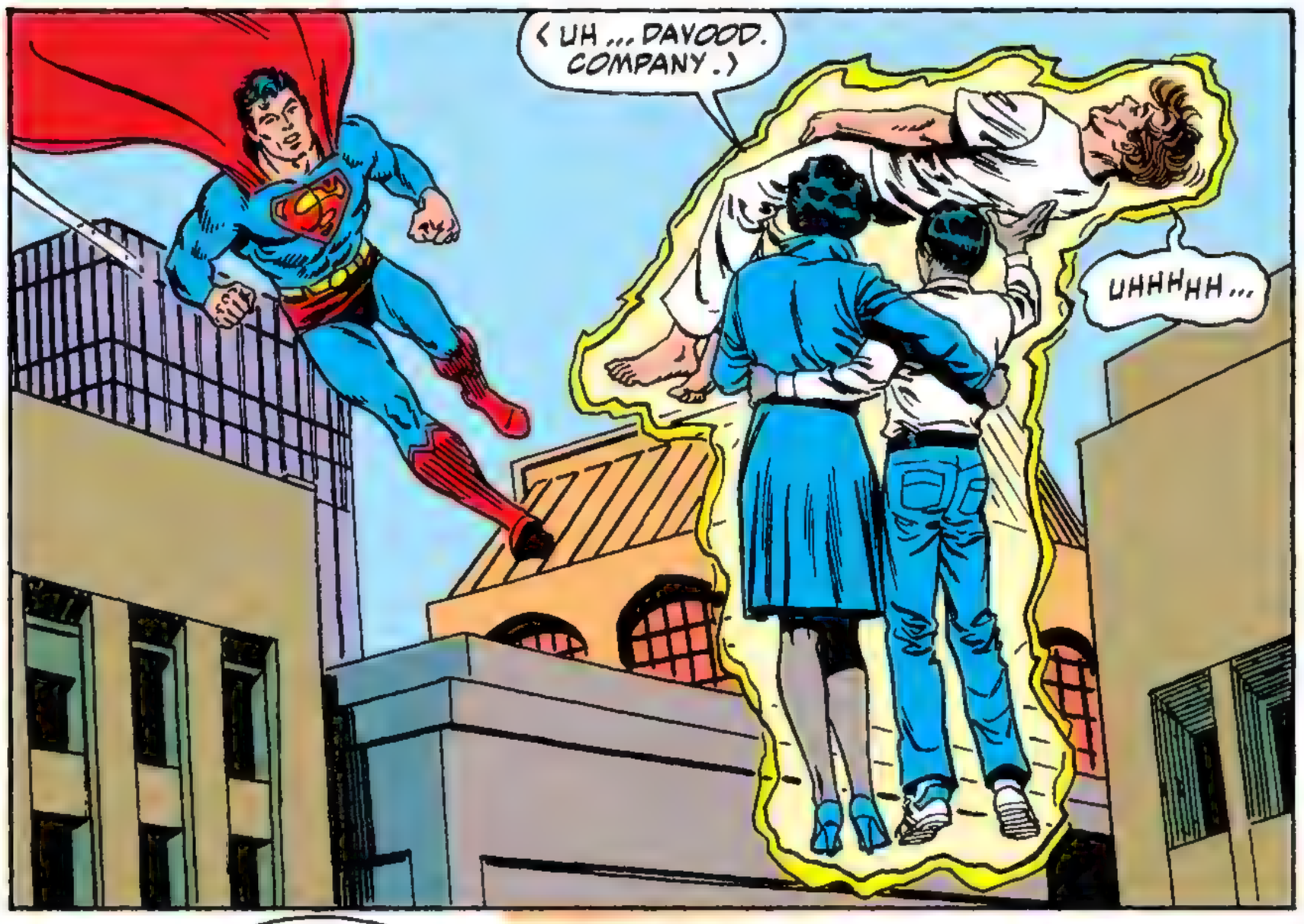
〈LIKE THIS!〉

〈BE SURE TO CUSHION HIS FALL.〉

〈NAG, NAG, NAG!〉

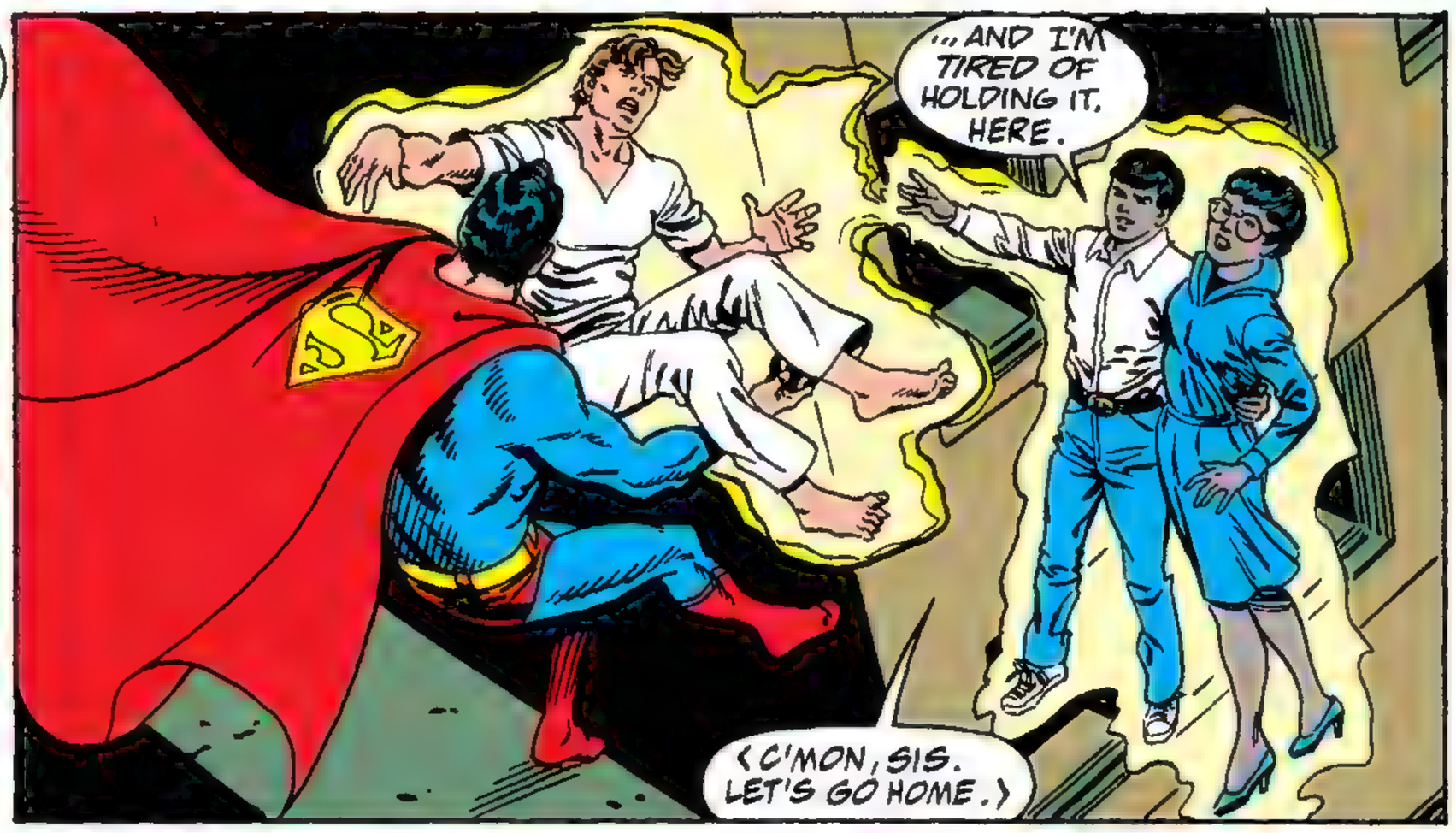
DMT DMT DMT DMT DMT

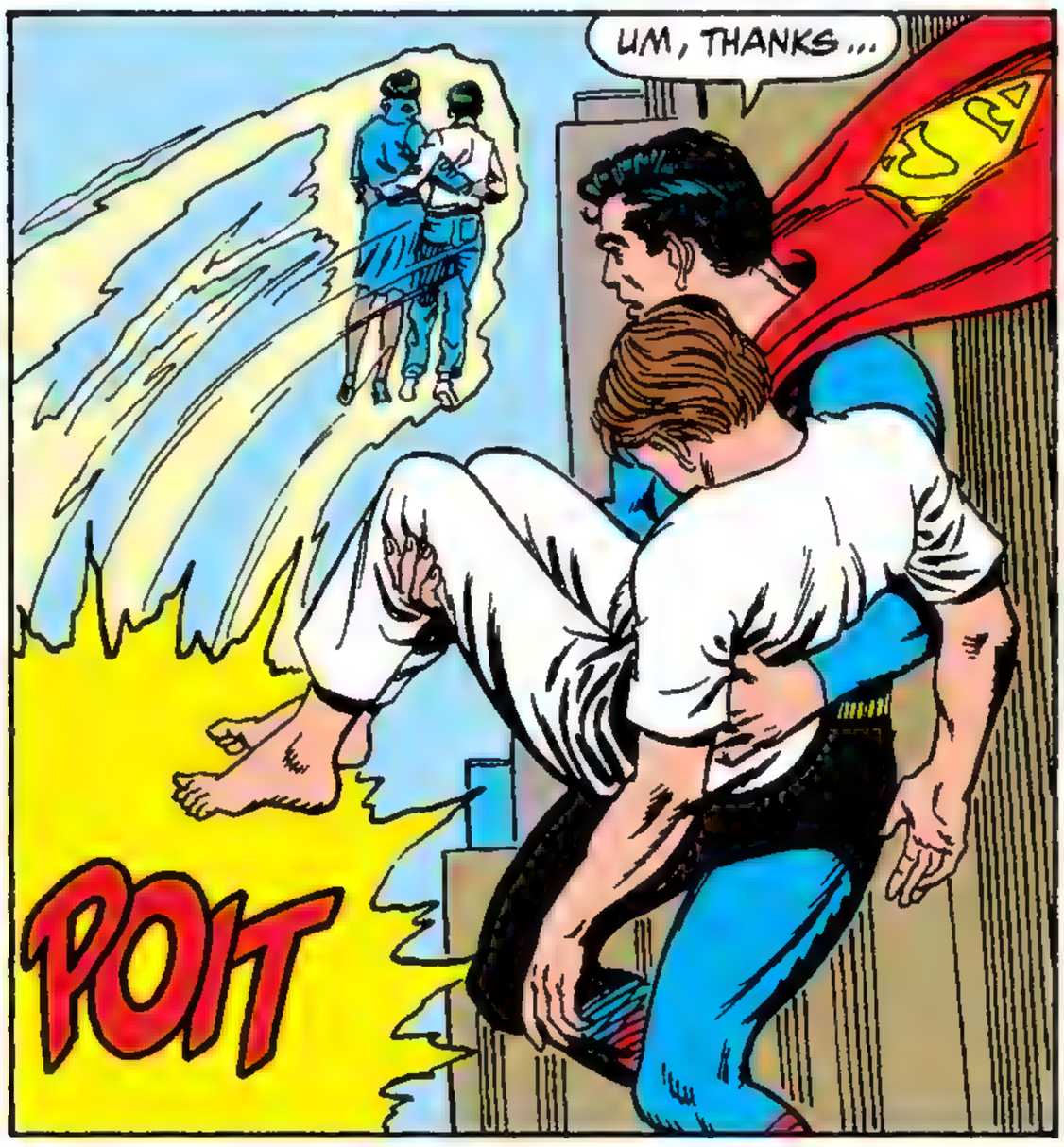
〈TOO COOL. I CAN SEE WHAT HE'S THINKING!〉

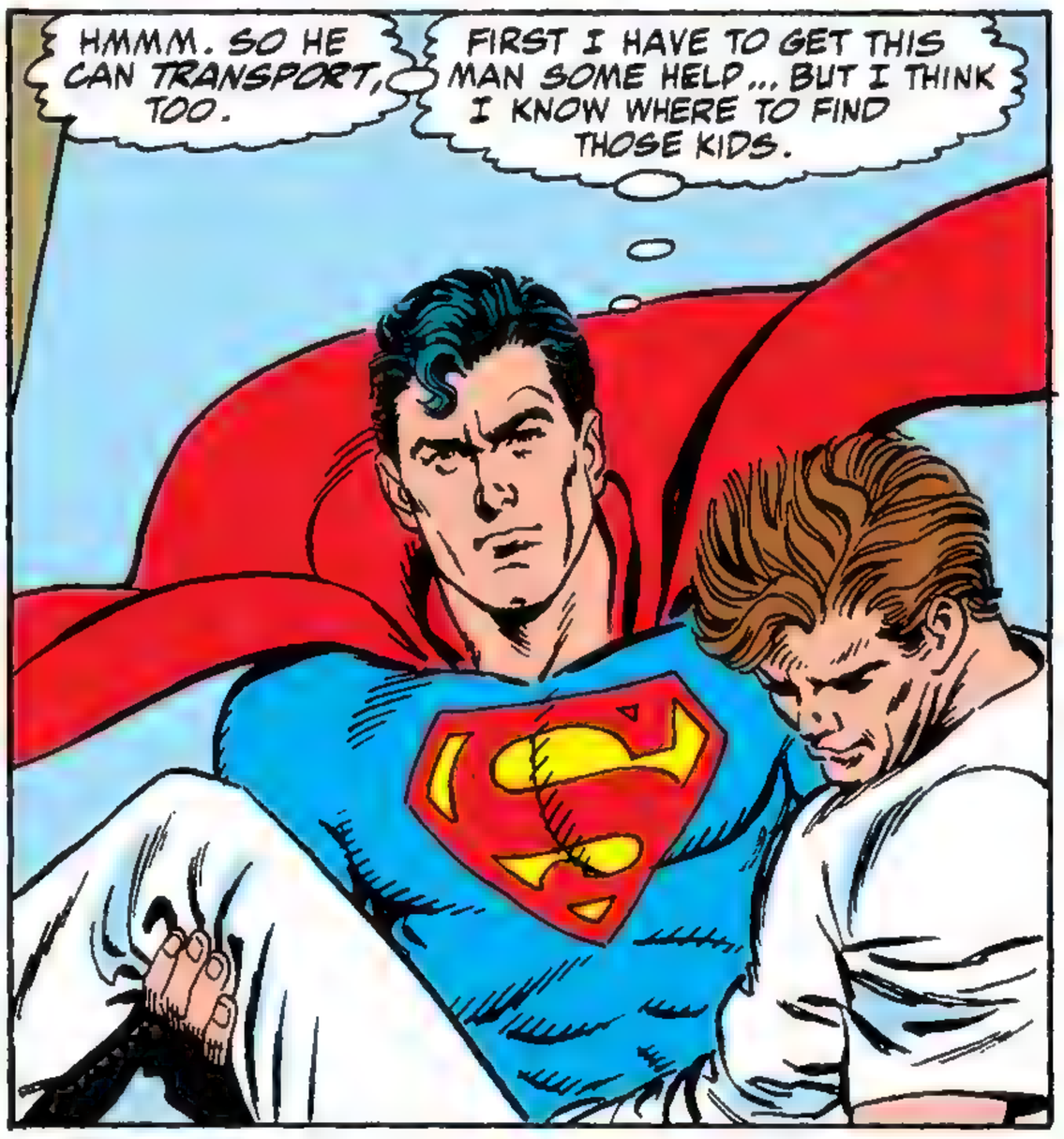

‹UH ... DAVOOD. COMPANY.›
UHHHHH...

HOLD IT, SON... I DON'T KNOW WHA--

I AM NOT THE SON OF A MURDERER...


...AND I'M TIRED OF HOLDING IT, HERE.
‹C'MON, SIS. LET'S GO HOME.›


UM, THANKS...
POIT


HMMM. SO HE CAN TRANSPORT, TOO.
FIRST I HAVE TO GET THIS MAN SOME HELP... BUT I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THOSE KIDS.

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF. *ARAB TERRORISTS*. THEY BROKE IN HERE, TRASHED MY LAB AND STOLE SEVERAL DEVICES.

IT SEEMS TO BE A WHOLE FAMILY. THE LEADER IS A SAVAGE YOUNG FANATIC WITH *META-HUMAN* POWERS.

I'D *SHOOT* FIRST, IF I WERE YOU.

I CAN GIVE YOU A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF HIS COSTUME. HIS NAME...? HE, UH, CALLED HIMSELF *SINBAD!* YES, SINBAD!

"HE EVEN LOOKED LIKE A... A *PARODY* OF THE LEGENDARY HERO. BUT IN A *HOMEMADE* KIND OF WAY...

"STILL HE WAS *CRAZED*, I TELL YOU! *INSANE!*

"HE THREATENED TO BLOW UP BRIDGES AND SCHOOLS AND FACTORIES ALL OVER THE CITY.

DO I THINK HE'LL CARRY THROUGH ON HIS *THREATS*? YES, CAPTAIN SAWYER, I'M REASONABLY CERTAIN HE WILL...

"...NO... *ABSOLUTELY* CERTAIN."

SO MR. LUTHOR IS A BAD MAN?
YEAH, LOOKS LIKE IT. I GUESS I'LL KEEP THE BELT AND, WELL, BECOME A HERO.
MODEST.
DO YOU WANT ME TO SEW YOU A COSTUME, WITH A CAPE AND A NICE MASK?

A COSTUME'S THE LAST THING I NEED, MOM. I'M TOO MUCH OF A TARGET ALREADY.
I ONLY ASKED. EAT YOUR LAMB.
I'M TOO EXCITED TO EAT! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME!

BOOM! RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL! AND I CAN READ MINDS!
IF YOU CAN READ MINDS, READ MINE AND SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T EAT LUNCH!
I'M EATING!

AND YOU REALLY TELEPORTED BACK HERE, SORAYA? THAT IS THE MOST TERRIBLE POWER YET!
SURE. AND DAVOOD REALLY DID READ THIS GUY'S MIND.
COULD HE DRAW THE FACE HE SAW?

SURE, I CAN. JUST...
OOPS.
FRRSSS

GEEZ. I CHARRED THE PAPER...
DO YOU KNOW HIM, UNCLE JAHIR?
YES, I KNOW HIM.

THAT NOISE. THERE IS TROUBLE ON THE STREET.

OUTSIDE OVER LITTLE QURAC....

THOSE KIDS WERE SPEAKING WHAT SOUNDED LIKE ARABIC...

...AND I HAVE THE NAME ON THE SIDE OF THEIR TRUCK. I'LL JUST ASK AROUND AND...

RAQI

STAURANT

WHAT...?

TO

NK

HEY! WHAT IS THIS?

GET BACK!

GET OUT OF HERE!

BULLY!

YOU CAN'T SMASH OUR HOMES HERE LIKE YOU DID IN QURAC!

BUTCHER!

I NEVER THOUGHT MY ATTACK ON QURAC A WHILE BACK WOULD BEAR *THIS* KIND OF FRUIT!

IF I TRY TO STAY, THERE'LL BE A RIOT. SOMEONE WILL BE KILLED...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB...

...FOR CLARK KENT. NOW LET'S FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. I'M CLARK KENT FROM THE *PLANET*. COULD I ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS ABOUT...?

HEY, YOU! CUT THAT *OUT*!

HEY, YOU! BIG MAN! WHAT YOU DOING THERE?

YOU'RE A *FUNNY GUY*! YOU *LIKE* BOTHERING WOMEN ON THE STREET?

NO, NO. I'M A *REPORTER*, AND...

SO... A REPORTER. YOU CAME DOWN HERE TO WRITE *LIES* ABOUT US WHILE *SUPERMAN* SMASHES OUR NEIGHBORHOOD? *PIG*!

NO...! I CAN'T GET AWAY, AND IF I START TO BRAWL WITH *SO MANY* I'LL HAVE TO USE MY *SUPER-STRENGTH*...

WHAT CAN I *DO*?

BRIITTT
BRIITTT
CLK

YES? WHO? HOW DID YOU GET THIS--? I SEE. YES, I SEE.

I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

GOODWIN ... MY CAR.

AT LAST. A BREAK IN THIS SORRY MESS.

THERE'S NO POINT IN MY *PRETEND-ING* RELUCTANCE THEY *KNOW* MY NEEDS... JUST AS I KNOW THEIRS.

HELLO, SIR. WHERE--?

I'LL DIRECT YOU AS WE GO.

LEFT AT THIS CORNER.

STILL, THEY ARE BEING VERY *DIRECT*. I WONDER WHAT THAT DIRECT-NESS *HIDES*?

INTERESTING. THIS WAREHOUSE IS *SUPPOSED* TO BE A CIA DROP.

BUT *I* ACTUALLY OWN IT THROUGH A SERIES OF INTERLOCKING COMPANIES...

AND YET *THEY* HAVE MANAGED TO *COVERTLY* USE IT. I'M IMPRESSED.

MY NAME IS LUTHOR. YOU ASKED TO SEE ME? SOMETHING ABOUT A *TRUCE*?

INDEED YES, MR. LUTHOR. BEFORE OUR FEUD BECOMES ANY MORE *PUBLIC*. NEITHER OF US DESIRES *THAT*.

BESIDES, WE HAVE SOMETHING *ELSE* YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN *BUYING*...

...SOMETHING THAT CAN ALMOST CERTAINLY *DESTROY* SUPERMAN!

NEXT IN ACTION COMICS #658 | SINBAD'S SACRIFICE!

SUPERMAN®

The SINBAD CONTRACT

Part Three

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

BILL MESSNER-LOEBS WRITER * CURT SWAN PENCILLER * DENNIS JANKE INKER

BILL OAKLEY ~ LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE ~ COLORIST

JONATHAN PETERSON ASSOCIATE EDITOR * MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

IN A WAREHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS, A DEAL IS STRUCK...

SO, WE AGREE, MR. LUTHOR? YOU WILL RETURN THE *BELT* TO US AND WE IN TURN WILL USE THIS SAUCER TO *DESTROY* YOUR ENEMY?

AGREED. I ASSUME THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE *BELT AND* THIS *SAUCER* CAME FROM THE SAME PLACE?

YES. AFTER THE *INVASION*, A WOUNDED *POOPOO* PILOT AND HIS *SCOUT* SHIP CAME INTO OUR POSSESSION.

WE ... CONVINCED HIM TO WORK FOR US ON *VARIOUS DEVICES* FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

EVENTUALLY, HE DIED. THE BELT WAS HIS *MOST ADVANCED* PROJECT. WE CANNOT *DUPLICATE* IT.

SO WHEN YOUR *AGENT*...

MISLAID...

MISLAID THE BELT, YOU CAN UNDERSTAND OUR DISTRESS.

NATURALLY.

BUT NOW I UNDERSTAND YOU NO LONGER *POSSESS* THE BELT?

THAT IS BEING *REMEDIED*. THE YOUNG MAN WHO TOOK THE BELT FROM ME WILL SOON REGRET HIS *RASH-NESS*.

EVEN NOW, I AM TAKING STEPS TO ASSURE THAT NO ONE WILL *SHELTER* OR *BELIEVE* HIM. *NO ONE!*

ACTION COMICS 658 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $9 00, Canada $14.00, all other foreign $21.00. U.S funds only. Copyright 1990 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc Advertising Representative· Print Advertising Representatives, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 949-6850. Printed in U S A.
DC Comics Inc. A Warner Bros Inc. Company

G-5883

WHILE IN LITTLE QURAC, TEMPERS ARE ALREADY RUNNING HIGH...

NOW, WAIT A SECOND. I'M JUST TRYING TO GET SOME INFORMATION...

I CAN'T CHANGE TO SUPERMAN... AND I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THESE MEN...

GET OUT OF HERE! WE KNOW THE SORT OF *LIES* YOU WANT TO TELL ABOUT US!

‹STOP IT, RAFFIR!›

‹ARE YOU *INSANE*? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ATTACKING THIS MAN? DO YOU WANT TO *ROT* IN JAIL?›

‹I WANT *JUSTICE*! IF WE BREAK A FEW OF THESE *LIARS'* HEADS, THEY'LL LEARN...›

‹LEARN WHAT? THAT YOU'RE AN *IDIOT*?›

‹I THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW *BETTER* THAN TO BUCKLE UNDER TO THESE PEOPLE, TIMUR!›

‹I DON'T HAVE TO *PROVE* MY *COURAGE*... LEAST OF ALL TO YOU!›

UM... THANKS.

RAFFIR'S ALWAYS BEEN A *HOTHEAD*.

I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM THE PAPER. YOU WRITE A COLUMN, YES?

YES. MY NAME'S *KENT*. ACTUALLY, I'M LOOKING FOR A COUPLE OF KIDS...

NO PARKING 6 A.M. TO 7 P.M.

I THINK THEY WORK IN THAT *GROCERY STORE* AND THEY MAY BE IN *TROUBLE*.

I SEE. THEN MAYBE *GOD* SENT YOU AFTER ALL. COME ON.

IT'S AMAZING THAT JUST AN APPEARANCE BY *SUPERMAN* COULD CAUSE SUCH A RUCKUS.

NOT THAT AMAZING. WE SAW HOW HE *ATTACKED* QURACIS AS THOUGH THEY WERE NOTHING...

INVADED A COUNTRY AND *DESTROYED* THEIR SOVEREIGNTY! HE IS THE *ENEMY* OF ARABS EVERY-WHERE.

HE'D HAVE TO BE A *FOOL* NOT TO REALIZE HOW WE *FEEL* ABOUT HIM.

YES. I GUESS HE'D HAVE TO BE.

MOTI, I HAVE SOMEONE WE SHOULD TALK TO. TELL DAVOOD AND SORAYA TO COME HERE.

I CAN'T. THEY'RE GONE.

WHEN HE HEARD THERE WERE GOVERNMENT MEN LOOKING FOR HIM THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD, HE KNEW HE HAD TO GO.

SORAYA WENT WITH HIM. SHE SAYS THAT THEY MUST PROVE *HE* IS *NOT* THIS "*SINBAD*" TERRORIST.

I AM *SO* AFRAID FOR THEM. NO ONE WILL BELIEVE US THAT HE IS *INNOCENT*.

MR. LUTHOR IS AGAINST US. *SUPERMAN* IS AGAINST US! WHO CAN WE TRUST?

I...

LISTEN! IT IS ANOTHER *REPORT*!

...A SPECIAL REPORT...

...HAS BEEN ANOTHER SIGHTING OF THE MYSTERIOUS TERRORIST CALLING HIMSELF "SINBAD"--

--THIS TIME IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE BOMBING OF THE METROPOLIS WATER TREATMENT FACILITY.

NEWS

FORTUNATELY, THERE WAS LITTLE DAMAGE AND NO CASUALTIES.

POLICE CONSIDER SINBAD A META-HUMAN AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

THIS JUST IN. SINBAD HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS "DAVOOD NASSUR," A QURACI WITH KNOWN RADICAL TIES.

POLICE ARE ADVISING EXTREME CAUTION...

ALLAH, NO! THEY'LL KILL HIM!

WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON. ARE YOU SURE THOSE WERE GOVERNMENT MEN?

WHO ELSE WOULD THEY BE?

I'M NOT SURE... BUT WITH LEXCORP INVOLVED...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

THIS IS THE RESIDENCE OF DAVOOD NASSUR? WE HAVE SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU.

I'D ADVISE YOU TO COOPERATE.

BUT WHAT IS THIS ABOUT? WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.

THAT'S NOT MY BUSINESS, SIR. YOU'VE ALL GOT TO COME IN FOR QUESTIONING. PLEASE COME RIGHT AWAY.

COULD I SEE SOME I.D., OFFICER? YOU ARE WITH THE POLICE?

WE'RE HELPING THE POLICE. THIS ISN'T YOUR BUSINESS, FRIEND. BUY YOUR GUMBALLS AND MOVE ALONG.

THESE PEOPLE ARE CITIZENS. YOU CAN'T JUST--

THIS AREA'S SORT OF UNDER MARTIAL LAW UNTIL DAVOOD NASSUR IS FOUND.

KEEP Y'R NOSE OUT OF THIS AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

PLEASE, DON'T GET YOURSELF IN TROUBLE. WE MUST OBEY THE AUTHORITIES. IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

I'M NOT CONVINCED THESE ARE "THE AUTHORITIES." SO ONCE I LET THEM TAKE YOU AWAY...

...I'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY... BEFORE THEY CAN GET THEIR GUNS OUT. RIGHT--

--NOW!

OOOOFF!

HEY! WHAT...?

STOP THAT OR I'LL--

KA-WHUMP

I... UM... I NEVER THOUGHT THAT *JUDO* COURSE THAT THE PLANET MADE US TAKE WOULD COME IN SO *HANDY*.

I MAY HAVE... *SPRAINED* MY SHOULDER, THOUGH.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! WHEN THE *POLICE* HEAR OF THIS--!

THESE MEN AREN'T THE *POLICE*. AND YOU AREN'T SAFE HERE. DO YOU HAVE *FRIENDS* YOU CAN STAY WITH...

...FRIENDS WHO CAN'T BE *TRACED* TO YOU?

Y-YES... PERHAPS.

"I HAVE A FEELING THINGS ARE ABOUT TO *BLOW WIDE OPEN!*"

RUN THE *TIMER WIRE* AROUND THE *OUTSIDE.*

HOW MUCH TIME DO WE WANT IT SET FOR *THIS* TIME?

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR. WE GOTTA RUN AROUND FRONT, GET *SEEN*, THEN "*FLY OFF.*"

THIS *EVIL SINBAD* GUY'LL GET THE BLAME...

'SPECIALLY 'CAUSE HE'S GONNA ACTUALLY *BLOW UP* SOMEBODY THIS TIME.

NOW, IS THAT *NICE?*

I MEAN, HERE WE ARE, TWO *HOUNDED, PATHETIC FUGITIVES* AND YOU'RE MAKING UP *STORIES* ABOUT US! NAUGHTY!

SHE'S *NUTS!* WASTE HER!

PING PING
PING PING

‹HA! THEY LOOK *SCARED!*›

‹SO DO *I!* YOU WAITED TOO LONG TO *SHIELD* ME! I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED!›

‹SISTERS!›

‹HEY! THESE THREADS ARE PRETTY *COOL!*›

‹RIGHT. *IF* YOU LIVE IN A *CIRCUS!*›

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, BOZO! WE HAVE A *MESSAGE* FOR MR. LUTHOR...!

THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER BOMB-ING!

THAT'S THE THIRD ONE TODAY!

DAILY PLANET

SOMEONE SHOULD DO SOMETHING!

I HEAR THEY'RE GONNA CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD AND SWEEP THE QURACI QUARTER FOR THIS SINBAD. ABOUT TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT! I HEAR THAT LEX LUTHOR HAS VOLUNTEERED HIS SECURITY TEAM TO PATROL PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

YES. YES, I SEE. THAT'S INTEREST-ING. THANKS, CHIEF. I OWE YOU ONE...

LEXCORP CLAIMS IT DOESN'T HAVE MEN IN THE QURACI QUARTER...

THAT'S PROBABLY A LIE. BUT WHERE CAN DAVOOD AND HIS SISTER BE? IT'S ALMOST AS IF--

I THINK WE SHOULD JUST SEND SUPERMAN IN THERE.

HE'LL CLEAN 'EM OUT, JUST LIKE HE CLEANED OUT THOSE TOWEL-HEADS IN QURAC!

RIGHT, KENT?

IF YOU GIVE SUPERMAN THAT KIND OF POWER, TIMMONS, YOU'LL HAVE CREATED A FAR WORSE TERRORIST THAN ANY HE COULD SMASH.

HUH! GET OFF IT, KENT! WE ALL KNOW THAT NEIGH-BORHOOD BREEDS TERRORISTS AND CRIME.

WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEONE LIKE GOTHAM HAS-- A BATMAN--TO WIPE IT OUT!

THE BATMAN'S NOT A RACIST OR A FOOL, TIMMONS, AND THAT PUTS HIM MILES AHEAD OF YOU.

MR. KENT? YOU'VE GOT A MESSAGE!

INET

HE SAID HIS NAME WAS "HENRY" AND THAT HE'D BE FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE USUAL PLACE. DOES THAT MEAN SOMETHING?

I HOPE SO, ALICE. I REALLY DO.

DAILY

I STILL DO NOT SEE *HOW* THESE FAKED *TERRORIST ATTACKS* CAN HELP US RECOVER THE BELT.

BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE BEST CONTROLLED THROUGH *FEAR*. IF I CAN PROVOKE A *RIOT*, WE CAN GO INTO *LITTLE QURAC* WITH GUNS BLAZING.

NO ONE WILL OBJECT!

AND THE LITTLE *SURPRISE* YOU MENTIONED WITHIN THIS MACHINE... IS IT *NUCLEAR?*

THE *NEXT STEP*. IT'S THE *FAIL-SAFE* BUILT IN BY THE ALIENS. VERY POTENT.

ONCE THE BOY AND THE BELT ARE... TAKEN, THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT TO *INVESTIGATE*.

ALL PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER WAS THERE WAS A *TERRORIST* AND LEXCORP STOPPED HIM.

MR. LUTHOR! *HELP!*

EH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND *WHERE* ARE YOUR *CLOTHES?*

YOU SEE, ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE *FEAR*, YOU CAN EASILY *CONTROL*...

SINBAD... THE *REAL SINBAD*... TOOK 'EM! HE GAVE US A MESSAGE!

HE SAID TO TELL YOU HE'S GONNA STOP *ALL* THE *FAKE SINBADS*... THEN HE'S GONNA TAKE BACK *LITTLE QURAC*...!

AND THEN HE'S *COMIN'* FOR YOU!

INDEED. THEN I WILL KNOW JUST *WHERE* HE IS.

IF SUPERMAN CAN BE CONVINCED TO BE THIS *PREDICTABLE*...

"...DESTROYING THEM BOTH WILL BE AS SIMPLE AS A WALK IN THE PARK."

AND THERE HE IS. HE DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A SPOOK. I GUESS THAT'S THE POINT.

HELLO, "HENRY." STILL HARD AT WORK, I SEE.

OF COURSE. I LIVE TO SERVE.

ACTUALLY, THERE'S A SORT OF TWIST TO THE WRIST YOU HAVE TO GIVE, TO MAKE THE CRUMBS ATTRACTIVE... SORT OF LIKE MAYFLIES.

C'MON, TAKE IT, Y'LITTLE ROOF RATS!

SO, DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING?

NOT MUCH. YOUR BOY IS CLEAN. NO TERRORIST CONNECTIONS.

HIS UNCLE WAS A UNION ORGANIZER AGAINST THE SHAH, BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

INTERESTING. AND YET WE KEEP HEARING HOW THIS KID HAS A HISTORY OF TERRORISM. ANY OTHER TIDBITS?

ONLY THAT THERE'S A BUNCH OF ARMS MERCHANTS CALLED R.M.T. BAD GUYS. THEY'RE HERE IN METROPOLIS. NO CLUE AS TO WHY.

C'MON, "HENRY." GIVE. THE L.I.C.U.D. KNOWS MORE THAN THAT.

CLARKIE... YOU KEEP INSISTING I'M SOMETHING OTHER THAN A POOR, UNDERPAID BUREAUCRAT AT THE ISRAELI EMBASSY.

SPIES YOU'VE GOT ON THE BRAIN!

AFTER ALL, IT *MIGHT* BE TO *OUR* ADVANTAGE TO LET YOU THINK THIS KID IS SOME KIND OF *SUPER-TERRORIST*.

BUT INSTEAD I FEED YOU THE *STRAIGHT* STUFF. BESIDES...

HRM... WHAT'S THIS?

THIS MAY BE BESIDE THE POINT. THIS SINBAD HAS BEEN SPOTTED IN LITTLE QURAC.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF *FIREFIGHT* GOING ON. THE POLICE ARE INVOLVED, BUT THE WHOLE SITUATION IS *DISINTEGRATING*.

IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S DONE FOR. WANT TO GIVE A LISTEN?

CLARK? CLARK?

NOW, WHERE'D *HE* GO?

" HE ALWAYS ACTS LIKE HE'S ON HIS WAY TO A FIRE ! "

POLICE

POLICE

EXCUSE ME... SIR?

TV WGBS NEWS

ARE YOU HERE TO *ARREST* "SINBAD"? DO YOU KNOW *WHERE* HE IS? IS HIS REAL NAME *DAVOOD NASSUR?*

RATS!

AH, CATHERINE GRANT. ANOTHER *NO COMMENT?*

LUTHOR...? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JUST BEING A CONCERNED CITIZEN. MY OFFICES WERE ATTACKED, TOO.

FRANKLY, I THINK IT'S VERY *LIKELY* THAT THIS *TERRORIST* WILL APPEAR.

AND IN THAT CASE, WE'LL NEED ALL THE *PROTECTION* WE CAN GET.

NOW, WAIT A SECOND. WE GOT A PHONE CALL FROM SOMEONE CLAIMING TO BE THIS *SINBAD* CHARACTER.

HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO *DESTROY* A SECTION OF THE *CITY* TO SHOW HIS *POWER!* BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW--

--IF IT REALLY WAS HIM...!

GOOD LUCK FINDING OUT ANYTHING.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THESE PARA-MILITARY TYPES ARE COMING FROM?

NOPE. CENTRAL DIVISION, PROBABLY.

THEY PULLED ME BACK ON DUTY FOR CROWD CONTROL. BUT THEY DON'T TELL US ANYTHING.

〈ALL THOSE PEOPLE, POLICE AND EVERYTHING! ARE THEY ALL HUNTING FOR US?〉

〈YEAH. AND THERE'S TV CAMERAS DOWN THERE. WHO CALLED THEM?〉

HOT

〈THIS IS JUST WHAT YOU WANTED, RIGHT? WE CAN TELL OUR SIDE NOW.〉

〈MAYBE. IF THEY STOP TO LISTEN TO US.〉

〈DAVOOD... WAIT!〉

〈DON'T WORRY, SIS! EVERY DAY I'M A LITTLE MORE POWERFUL. THEY CAN'T HURT ME!〉

PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS! I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

HOTEL

COMMENCE FIRING NOW!

HEY ! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING? THERE WASN'T A COMMAND TO--

BRRRAAATTTT BRRRAAATTTT BRRRAAATTTT POOOMM POOMM

HOTEL

HEY ! WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU PEOPLE ?

‹DAVOOD ! TEARGAS !›

;COFF-COFF; ‹PUSH IT AWAY, DAVOOD ! ;GASP; ‹MAKE IT *STOP* !›

;COFF; ‹I *CAN'T* ! I DON'T KNOW *HOW* !› ;GASP; ‹I-I CAN'T *SEE*...›

‹I CAN'T... BREATHE... HAVE TO GET AWAY... HAVE TO... *NO*...!›

I WOULDN'T GO DOWN THIS WAY. THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY *STAIRS*.

‹SUPERMAN !›

FFWWWOOOOOOSSHHHH

FIRST I GET RID OF THE GAS-- THEN THE *SOURCE* OF THE GAS...

AND *NOW* FOR MY NEXT TRICK...

THE THREATS AND THE TEAR-GAS AND THE BULLETS DIDN'T *WORK*, SO THEY SENT *YOU*! CHEW ON THIS!

WHUMP!

DAVOOD!

〈DON'T BE AN *IDIOT*, DAVOOD! HE'S *NOT* ATTACKING US! HE JUST SAVED MY *LIFE*!〉

〈WELL, BUT... HE *LOOKED* LIKE HE WAS GONNA START SOMETHING!〉

BROTHER, THERE'S *NO WAY* I WANT TO FIGHT HIM! HE JUST ABOUT TOOK MY HEAD OFF!

ALL I WANT TO FIGURE OUT IS --

LOOK! UP THERE!

MY GOD! IT'S THAT...

...THE UFO!

HOTEL

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW *POWERFUL* A WEAPON THIS SAUCER REALLY IS, GOODWIN.

YES, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO *SLICE* SUPERMAN IN *HALF*, LIKE AN APPLE!

LET'S SEE, SHALL WE?

HHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

IS IT GOING TO SHOOT AT US?

NO WAY TO TELL...

AT LEAST *YOU* DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID. YOU'RE *INVULNERABLE.*

SHELLS AND BULLETS AND LASER BEAMS ALWAYS *BOUNCE* OFF YOU.

THEY HAVE UP TILL NOW. BUT THERE'S *NO* GUARANTEE...

"I THINK I'LL SEE JUST WHO'S INSIDE THAT...

"THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE! IT'S A *ROBOT SHIP!*"

"BUT... *WHY?*"

"WAIT! IT'S BEEN *SET* TO EXPLODE!

"IT'S A *BOMB!*"

00:04

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS AWAY FROM THE *CITY!*

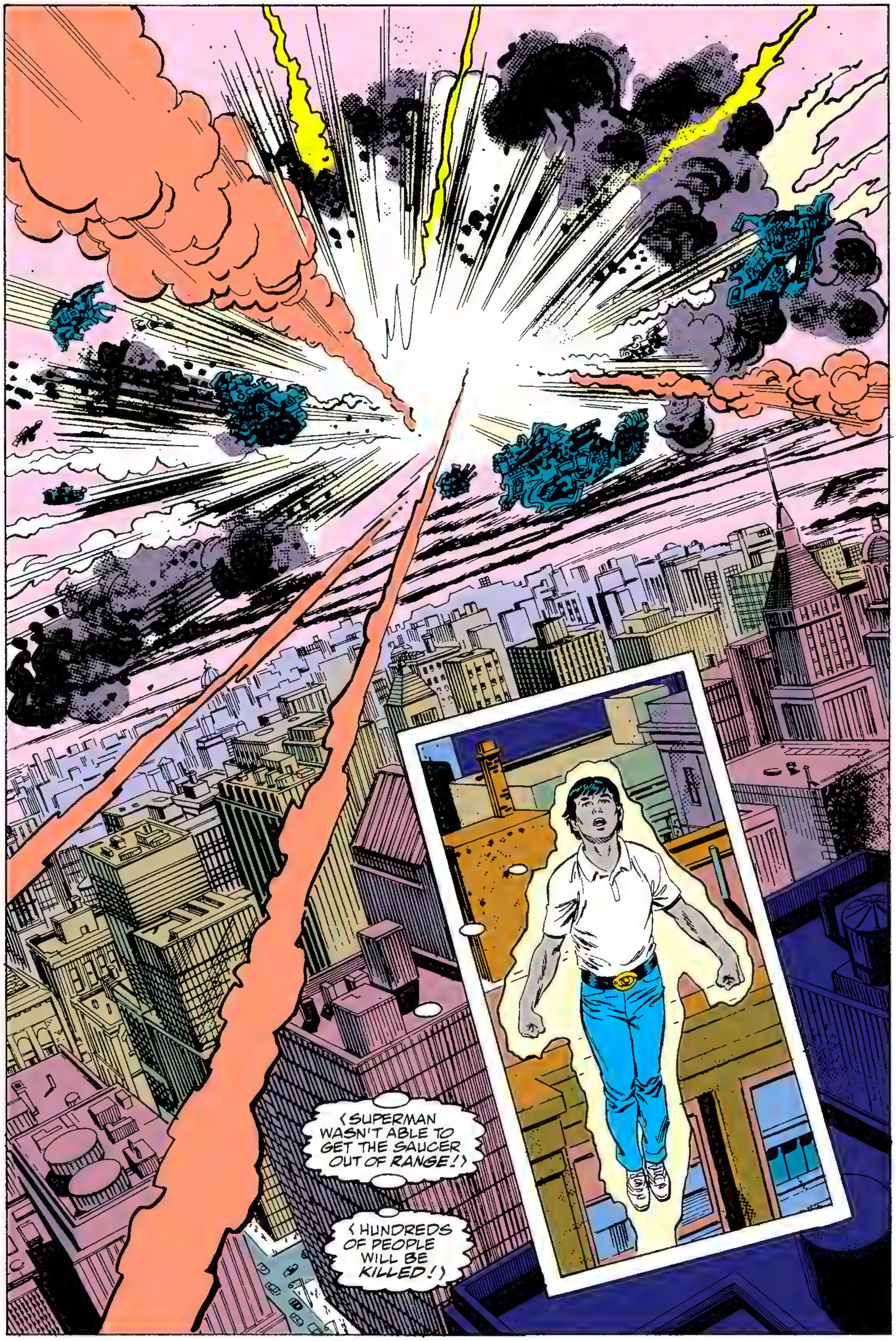
WHAT THE *DEVIL?*

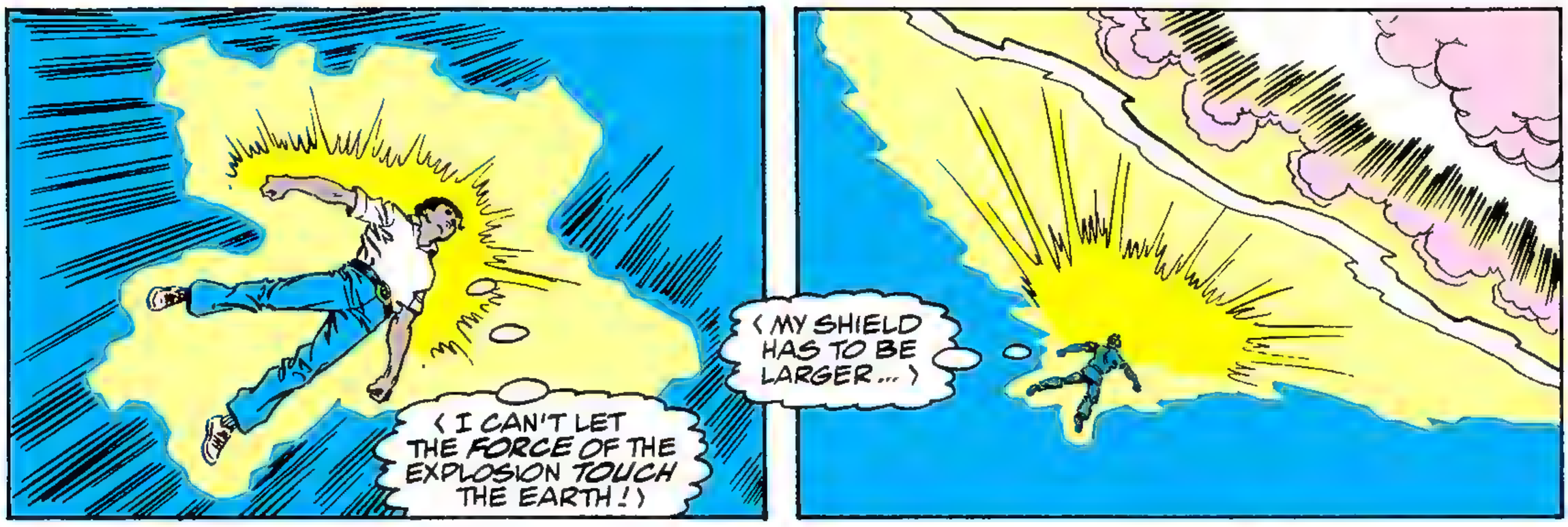
UHHH... IT'S EVEN *HEAVIER* THAN IT LOOKS! THE *JETS* ARE FIGHTING ME!

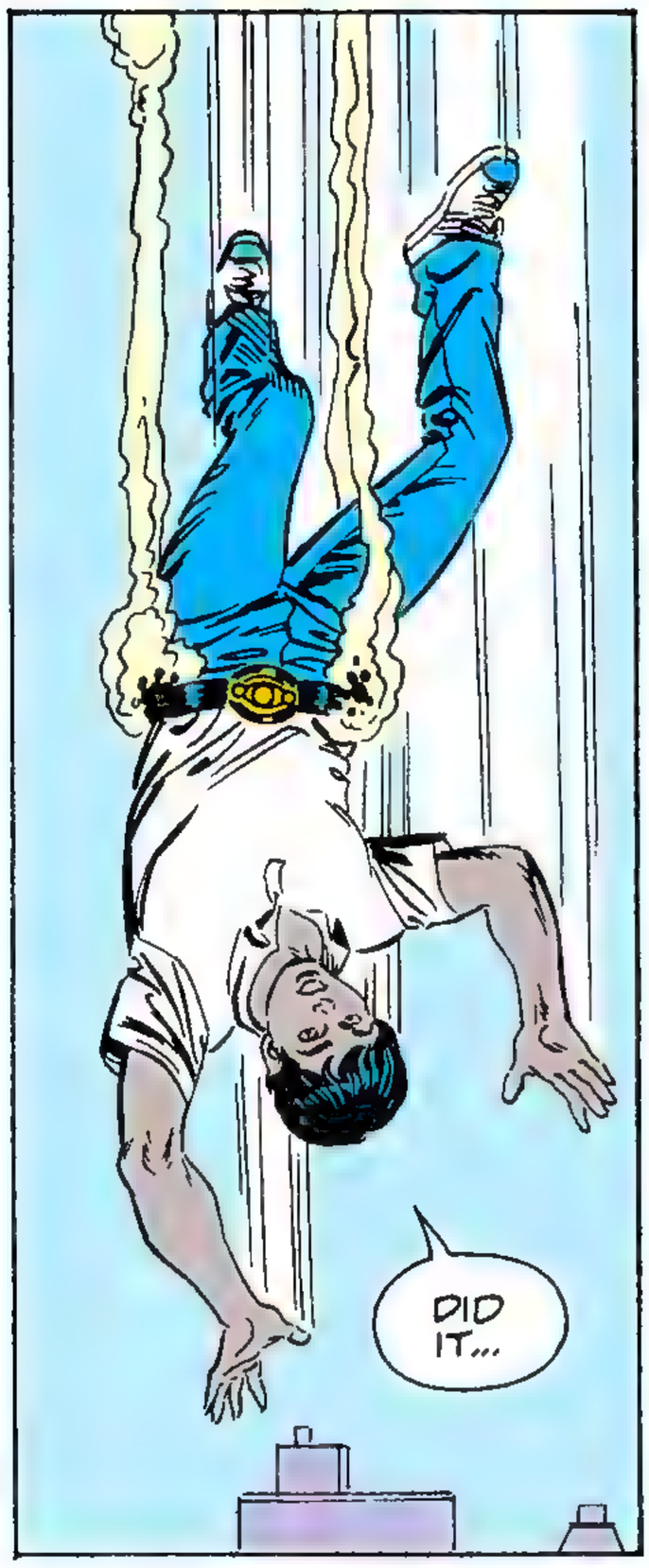
I'M NOT... GOING TO BE ABLE... TO LIFT... IT *CLEAR*...

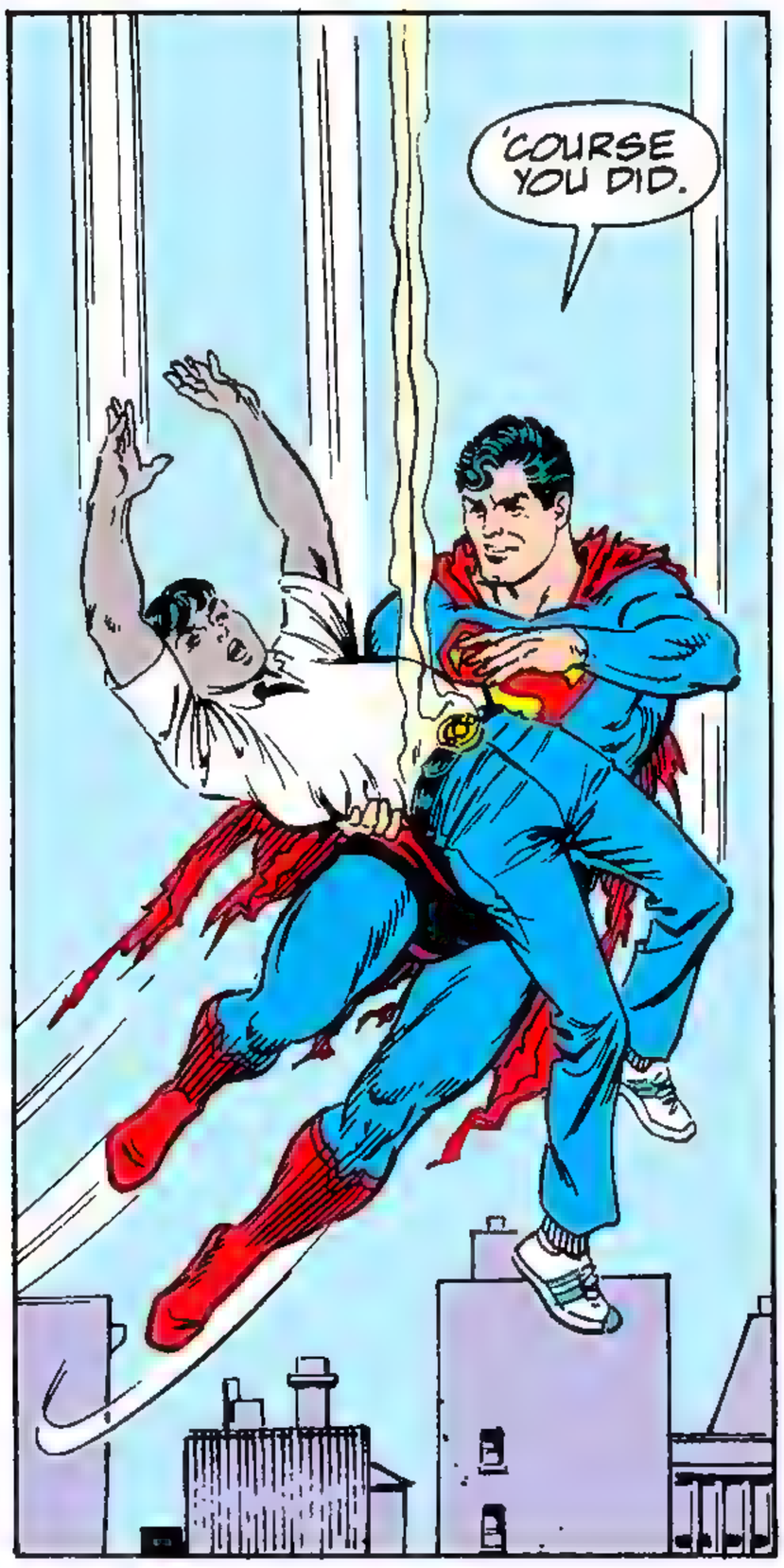
〈BUT IF THAT *WHOLE SHIP* IS A BOMB...〉

〈IT'S SO *HUGE*! IT'LL HAVE TO BE A *THOUSAND* MILES AWAY OR...〉


〈SUPERMAN WASN'T ABLE TO GET THE SAUCER OUT OF RANGE!〉
〈HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED!〉


〈I CAN'T LET THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION TOUCH THE EARTH!〉
〈MY SHIELD HAS TO BE LARGER...〉
〈LARGER...〉
〈I...I... DID IT!〉


DID IT...


'COURSE YOU DID.

DRIVE. GET ME TO MY TELEVISION STATION. QUICKLY.

AND YOU WEREN'T EVEN **AWARE** OF THE **BELT'S** EXISTENCE UNTIL **AFTER** DAVOOD NASSUR BECAME "**SINBAD**"?

THIS IS TRUE. MY ORGANIZATION IS SO WIDESPREAD THAT, UNFORTUNATELY, I MUST RELY ON THE HONOR AND **TRUST** OF MY AIDES.

AND WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT SOME OF THOSE AIDES HAD ENGAGED IN SMUGGLING HIGH-TECH ARMS TO THE TERRORIST ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS D.M.T.?

I WAS SHOCKED. DEEPLY SHOCKED. WE DO LIVE IN DECADENT TIMES.

I BELIEVE THAT YOUR OWN EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, ANGELICA GOODWIN, WAS A PART OF THIS CONSPIRACY?

TRUE. I WAS VIRTUALLY A **PRISONER** OF THE WOMAN'S CUNNING.

I COULD HAVE BEEN **KILLED** MYSELF, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE **COURAGE** OF DAVOOD NASSUR.

AND IT WAS GOODWIN, IN COMBINATION WITH THE D.M.T. WHO TRIED TO START THIS ANTI-QURAC! **PURGE**--

--TO KILL DAVOOD NASSUR AND GET THE **META-POWER BELT** AWAY FROM HIM?

YES, AND NOW THAT THE BELT IS BURNED-OUT AND USELESS, I HOPE WE CAN ALL SEE HOW FUTILE THIS SORT OF SCHEME IS.

I THINK THIS HAS BEEN A LESSON IN HOW FRAGILE OUR SOCIAL CONTRACT IS AND HOW VIGILANT WE MUST BE IN PRESERVING THE RIGHTS OF ALL OUR CITIZENS.

MOST OF THE D.M.T. ESCAPED, UNFORTUNATELY, BUT THEY WEREN'T THE **WHOLE** PROBLEM...

WE WERE ALL TOO EAGER TO SEE **ALL ARABS** AS TERRORISTS, AND TO ALLOW OUR **PREJUDICES** TO BE MANIPULATED--

--RATHER THAN **EXTENDING** THE HAND OF **BROTHERHOOD!**

THANK YOU, LEX LUTHOR.

WELL, HE'S *SLICK*. I ALMOST BELIEVE HIM.

YES. HE'S MANAGED TO *PAY* SOMEONE TO TAKE THE FALL FOR HIM *AGAIN*. NICE SPEECH, THOUGH.

HE EVEN *CALLED* ME AND OFFERED ME MY OLD JOB BACK, AS IF HE *HADN'T* BEEN TRYING TO *KILL* ME!

WELL, AS I TOLD YOU, SORAYA, THEY ALWAYS NEED GOOD SECRETARIES AT *THE PLANET*.

MR. WHITE TOLD ME YOU CAN INTERVIEW NEXT WEEK.

AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING, DAVOOD? WHAT DID THE SCIENTISTS *SAY* ABOUT YOUR POWERS?

WHEN THE BELT *FUSED*, I LOST *EVERYTHING*. I WAS AS WEAK AS A *KITTEN*. IF SUPERMAN HADN'T *CAUGHT* ME...

YOU KNOW, HE ISN'T A BAD GUY.

YOU SAVED THE *CITY*, DAVOOD. PEOPLE AREN'T GOING TO FORGET THAT. AND, WHO KNOWS, ONCE YOU'RE FULLY RESTED...

I KNOW. IT WAS *GREAT* BEING SO *POWERFUL*.

I DIDN'T MENTION TO THEM THAT I COULD STILL DO *THIS*!

SAY, YOUR POWERS *MAY* COME BACK AFTER ALL.

YEAH, BUT DON'T TELL *SUPERMAN*. THE *COMPETITION*'D JUST MAKE HIM *NERVOUS*!

MUM'S THE WORD, DAVOOD. MUM'S THE WORD!

end

It's only those who do nothing
that make no mistakes, I suppose.
JOSEPH CONRAD

Ossie Winters was surprised to find only one man waiting for him at Toranado field forty minutes ago. *One man.* The Navy must have faith in this hotshot, he guessed, or maybe they didn't want anyone else for this mission.

Distant behind tinted glasses, his passenger hadn't said much of anything since climbing aboard the Ferris Kestrel, the finest helicopter Star City ever made, to Winter's way of thinking. To tell the truth, Winters appreciated the lack of conversation. He was piloting the Kestrel straight into hurricane Joshua, which had shifted south and was heading for the northwest side of Corto Maltese.

A C-141 transport owned by Caribbean Wind had scratched an engine and gone down in the Atlantic, a hundred miles north of Ossie's landing field. Someone in the Corto Maltese senate called the U.S. embassy and requested aid. The plane carried primarily produce, but this flight also carried Juan Dalgallo, the Nobel Prize-winning poet, a national treasure, the voice and conscience of the island nation.

Ossie's Kestrel bounced against the increasing force of the wind. He hummed to himself, acutely aware that if they went down, there'd be no one coming for them.

His passenger spotted the downed C-141 before Ossie did, pointing through the rain-spattered windshield of the copter. It took a full minute before Ossie could make out the plane's tail, bobbing up and down in the violent surf. This guy has great vision, he thought.

"This is your game," Ossie told his passenger. "Ready."

His passenger nodded as he unhooked his safety belt.

"You gotta do this fast. We don't have a lot of time. We get this wrong, you fly home yourself."

"If I have to."

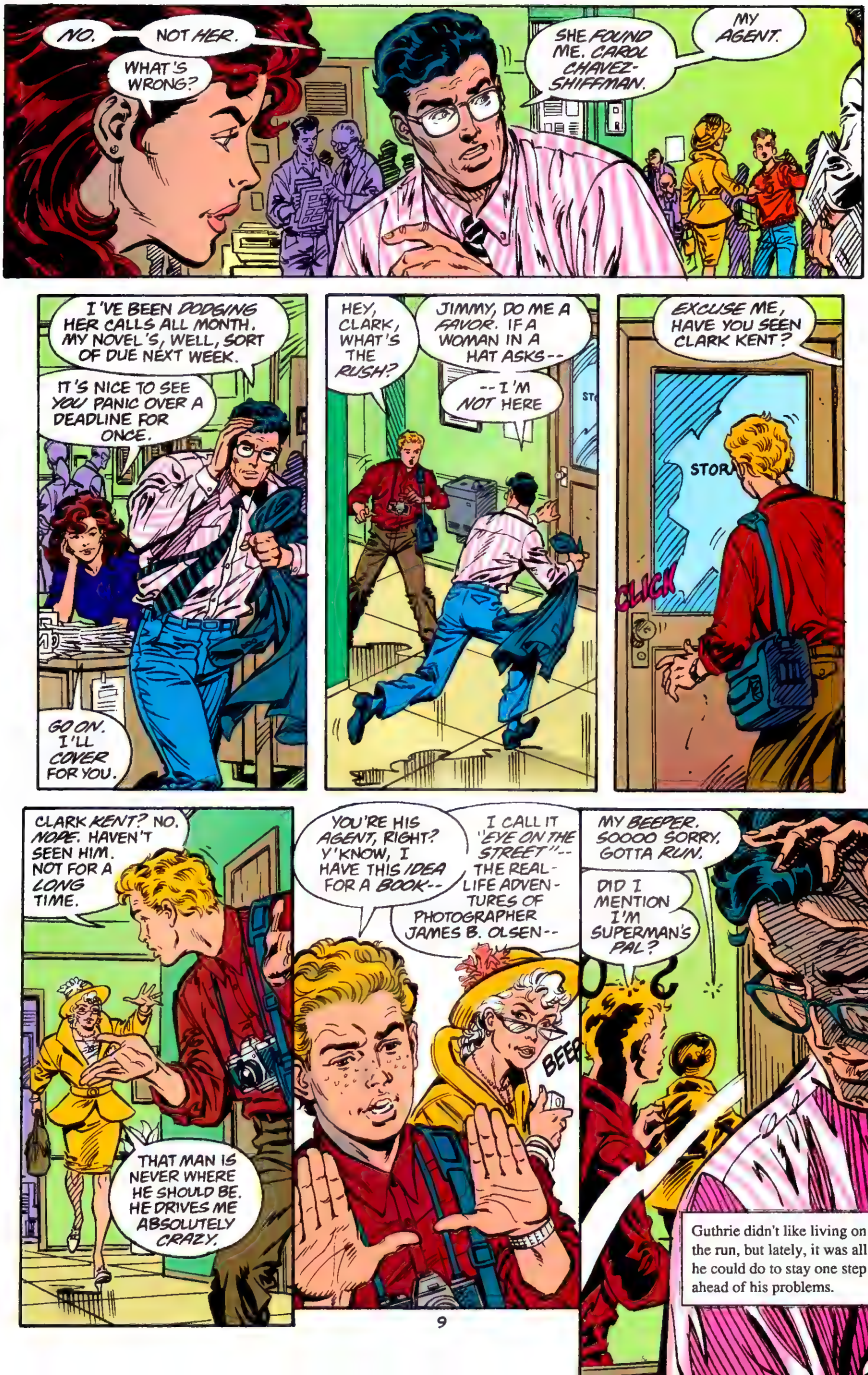
His silent passenger spotted the downed plane before Winters did, pointing through the 'copter's rain-spattered windshield.
It took a full minute before Winters could make out the plane's tail, bobbing up and down in the violent surf.
"This guy's got amazing vision," he thought.
Storm's making it hard to keep aloft. I can circle the Kestrel for ten minutes-- *max.*
You take *longer* than that, you'll have to fly home *yourself.*
If I have to.
So tell me your *name*, hotshot, before you plunge into the *abyss.*
Guthrie. David Guthrie.
Well then, good luck, Guthrie. You're gonna *need* it.
Once, when he was ten, Guthrie swam to the center of the lake behind his family's Kansas farm.
Too fatigued to swim back, he waited for his father to realize his plight and row the boat out to him.
And in the seemingly endless wait, he would tire of treading water, and sink below the surface--

--understanding for the first time his own mortality--
--realizing that no one is invulnerable.
Reaching the C-141, Guthrie found the plane's hatch.
There wasn't time to finesse the lock or jimmy the hinges.
This task required brute force--
BLAMMM
-- and a little plastique.
Everyone okay?
Sí.
The crew and DalGallo were bruised and battered, but otherwise unhurt.
As they climbed in the life raft they watched their plane sink into the ocean--
--and thanked God they were no longer aboard.
Guthrie, however, ignored the transport plane's final moments-- concerned about a more immediate problem.
In the heavy storm, the Kestrel had disappeared from view.
With the helicopter gone, so were their chances...
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

TAP TAP TAP
and DalGallo were bruised a
limbed in the life raft they
ocean and thanked God they w
owever, ignored the transpor
a more immediate problem.
ppeared from view. With the
es of survival.
RRRIIPP
KRRHUMPLL
PAPP
BAPP

THWAPP
WHO AM I KIDDING?
THIS IS GOING NOWHERE.

"TIME TO GO HOME."
DAILY PLANET
WHAT IS THAT SMELL?
DON'T START, CLARK--!
HONK HONK BEEP HONK
I SPENT THE LAST TWO DAYS KNEE DEEP IN REFUSE ABOARD THE LAZLO--
--THE GARBAGE SCOW STUCK IN METROPOLIS HARBOR WITH NO PLACE TO DUMP ITS CARGO.
TELL ME YOUR WEEKEND WAS BETTER.
THREE DAYS OF PURE SOLITUDE--
--AND I COULDN'T FINISH A SINGLE PAGE OF THIS NOVEL.
I'M BLOCKED, LOIS. BIG TIME.
YOU? I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
C'MON, I'VE SEEN YOU KNOCK OUT A TOP-NOTCH, FRONT-PAGE STORY FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE PRESS.
PLUS, SINCE I BOUGHT MY APARTMENT, I OWE EVERY-BODY. LOOK AT ALL THESE BILLS.
EVEN WITH THE FINAL PAYMENT FOR THE NOVEL, I'M IN DEBT THROUGH NEXT YEAR.
NEWS, NOT FICTION. REPORTING THE FACTS IS A LOT EASIER THAN MAKING THEM UP.
YOU COULD ALWAYS SEND YOUR RESUMÉ TO LEXCORP.
THEIR EXECS START AT SALARIES HIGHER THAN OURS COMBINED.
LEXCORP
ANNUAL REPORT
APPROACHING 2000
RIGHT.
AND I COULD ALSO MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL...
WHERE IS CLARK KENT?


NO.
NOT HER.
WHAT'S WRONG?
SHE FOUND ME. CAROL CHAVEZ-SHIFFMAN.
MY AGENT.
I'VE BEEN DODGING HER CALLS ALL MONTH. MY NOVEL'S, WELL, SORT OF DUE NEXT WEEK.
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU PANIC OVER A DEADLINE FOR ONCE.
GO ON. I'LL COVER FOR YOU.
HEY, CLARK, WHAT'S THE RUSH?
JIMMY, DO ME A FAVOR. IF A WOMAN IN A HAT ASKS--
--I'M NOT HERE
EXCUSE ME, HAVE YOU SEEN CLARK KENT?
CLICK
CLARK KENT? NO. NOPE. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM. NOT FOR A LONG TIME.
THAT MAN IS NEVER WHERE HE SHOULD BE. HE DRIVES ME ABSOLUTELY CRAZY.
YOU'RE HIS AGENT, RIGHT? Y'KNOW, I HAVE THIS IDEA FOR A BOOK--
I CALL IT "EYE ON THE STREET"-- THE REAL-LIFE ADVENTURES OF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES B. OLSEN--
BEEP
MY BEEPER. SOOOO SORRY, GOTTA RUN.
DID I MENTION I'M SUPERMAN'S PAL?
Guthrie didn't like living on the run, but lately, it was all he could do to stay one step ahead of his problems.

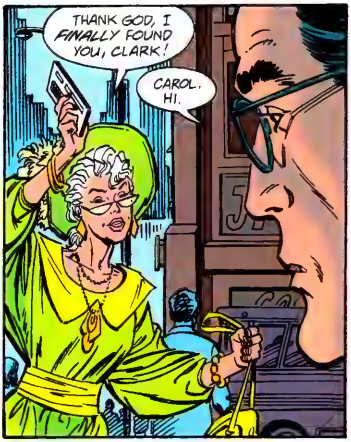
After leaving the service and graduating from law school, Guthrie joined Sean McNeely's Suicide Slum legal clinic.
He knew from the start he wasn't going to get rich in this neighborhood, but he believed in fighting for the underdog.
McNeely called him "the city's hardest-working boy scout."
McNEELY LEGAL CLINIC UPSTAIRS
Unfortunately, merit badges didn't always pay the bills at the end of the month.
Don't worry, Mrs. Santiago, we're not going to let your landlord *force* you out.
You have *rights* under the renter's protection act.
I told you. Mr. Guthrie is in a meeting. If you two would *puh-lease* wait.
Listen, sister. Guthrie's gonna see us now whether you like it or not.
The toughs the collection agency sent weren't men to whom he could explain the concept of *pro bono* work.
While he could probably take both men in a fight--
Mrs. Santiago, I'll call *Judge Stone*. Get a *restraining order* on your landlord. You'll be *fine*.
--violence was something he avoided outside of court--
I don't know how I'll be able to *pay* you.
Story of my life.
--believing the better part of valor to be flight.
One of these days, he promised himself, he was going to get a *real* job...
STOP GENTRIFICATION & DISPLACEMENT

...one without the noise and aggravation.
BAKROOMM
REPEAT--FIRE-FIGHT AT CORNER OF VERNE AND CHASE--SUSPECTS ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS--
REQUEST BACKUP.
LOTS OF BACKUP.
BOYS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE?
UH OH. IT'S THE S-MAN! WHAT NOW, K?
ZZZUNNDDTT
TRASH
BOOKS
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO.
WRONG CHOICE, BUT YOU'LL FIGURE THAT OUT SOON EN--
THREE NINETY-EIGHT?
IT'S BEEN REMAIN-DERED?
BARGAINS
STOP ACTING LIKE A SCARED EIGHT-YEAR-OLD AND WASTE HIM!
BEFORE YOU DO SOMETHING PROFOUNDLY STUPID--
-- CONSIDER SURRENDER AND SAVING EVERYBODY SOME TIME AND GRIEF.

NUNN
NOT FROM SUPERMAN.
YOU CRAZED, K. CRAZED!
I CAN APPRECIATE YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM, BUT YOUR FRIEND WAS RIGHT.
YOU SHOULD'VE RUN.
SAVE THE LECTURE. I KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA HURT ME--
NOW I'M REALLY ANNOYED.
NNNNUUUUZZZZ
GET OUTTA HERE, K! THAT HEATER AIN'T DOIN' JACK 'GAINST THAT GUY!
NO WAY. A GRIFFIN NEVER BACKS DOWN. NOT FROM THE GAETANOS.
--YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE--WHADDYACALLEM-- CODES OF HONOR!
H-H-HEY!!!
TRUE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HANG YOU OUT TO DRY...
HMMM. THESE CANNONS ARE LEXCORP ISSUE.
LEX CORP
CARE TO EXPLAIN HOW YOUR TWO-BIT STREET GANG ENDS UP WITH HIGH-TECH FIREPOWER LIKE THIS?
I AIN'T SAYIN' NOTHIN' 'TIL I SEE A LAWYER...

MARSHALL, BURR, McKERN & DaCOSTA
A LEXCORP LEGAL CONCERN
MS. DACOSTA WILL SEE YOU NOW.
MR. KENT. I'M A BIG FAN. I COULDN'T PUT THE JANUS CONTRACT DOWN.
THANKS. THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR.
ANY CHANCE I COULD GET AN ADVANCE COPY OF YOUR NEXT NOVEL?
IF I EVER FINISH IT...
WOW.
CORTO MALTESE, LAST SUMMER, BEST VACATION I EVER HAD.
I THINK THAT'S YOUR BOOK ON THE CHAIR.
A VACATION. THERE'S A FOREIGN CONCEPT.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
THREE MEMBERS OF THE GRIFFIN GANG DESTROYED THE GAETANO SOCIAL CLUB USING LEXCORP WEAPONRY.
OUR PROVIDENCE OFFICE FILED A POLICE REPORT A MONTH AGO WHEN THOSE PROTOTYPES WERE STOLEN.
MS. DACOSTA, ARE YOU SAYING A STREET GANG CIRCUMVENTED LEXCORP SECURITY?
MR. KENT, WHILE LEXCORP REGRETS THAT ITS TECHNOLOGY WAS HIJACKED FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES--
--WE CANNOT TAKE THE BLAME FOR DAMAGE CAUSED BY SAID CRIMINALS.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M DUE IN COURT SHORTLY.
He kept running into brick walls at every turn.

And if he needed any other sign that it was time to leave the city--
-- he couldn't get the image of the woman on the beach out of his mind. So content. So relaxed. So far away.
Pushing the limits of his already extended credit, Guthrie booked a flight to Corto Maltese--
--intending to lose himself in the rich tropical expanse of the island.
He wrongly imagined that little had changed since his navy tour here, years ago.
Now, stepping into the familiar tropical heat, he realized the climate had changed in other ways.
Don't think about the soldiers and the guns, he told himself.
You're just another tourist.
Oh. *Excuse* me.
Sorry.
Nice... the *luggage*, I mean.
Is that a *line?*
I'm too poor to be making passes at women with Vuitton accessories.
Too bad.
There you are, *Darling.*


THANK GOD, I FINALLY FOUND YOU, CLARK!
CAROL. HI.

I'VE BEEN LEAVING MESSAGES ALL OVER TOWN FOR YOU, SWEETIE.
I'VE BEEN... YOU KNOW... BUSY.
MY GOD, YOU'D THINK YOU WERE LEADING SOME SORT OF SECRET LIFE.
NEW
NATION
WORLD REPORT
FORTUNE
DAILY PLANET
STATE LANDFILLS REFUSE GARBAGE BARGE

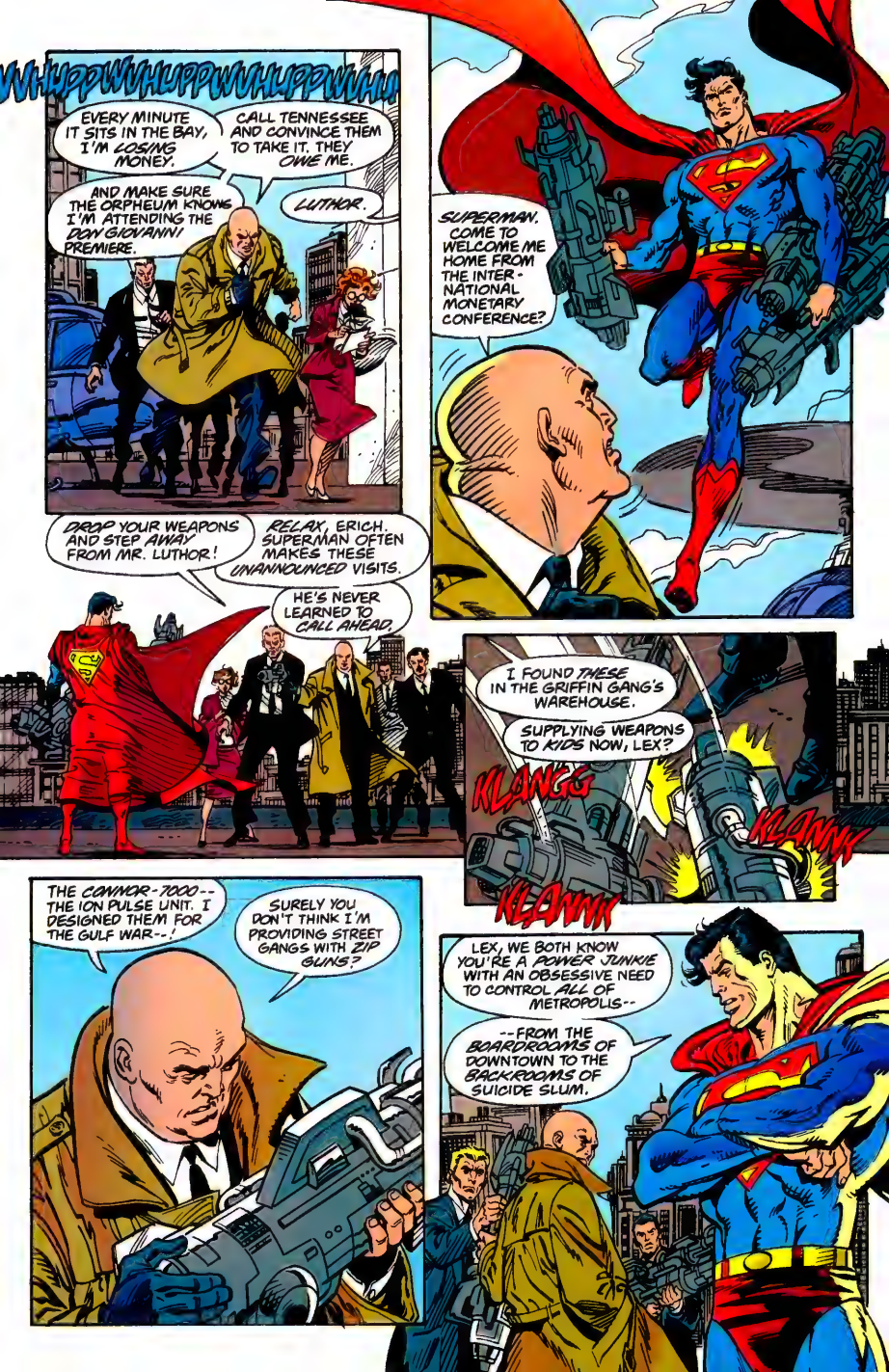
FINISHING YOUR CONTRACTUALLY DUE NOVEL, I HOPE. THE PUBLISHER IS VERY, VERY IMPATIENT--
--AND I KEEP TELLING HIM HOW GOOD THIS NEW NOVEL IS.

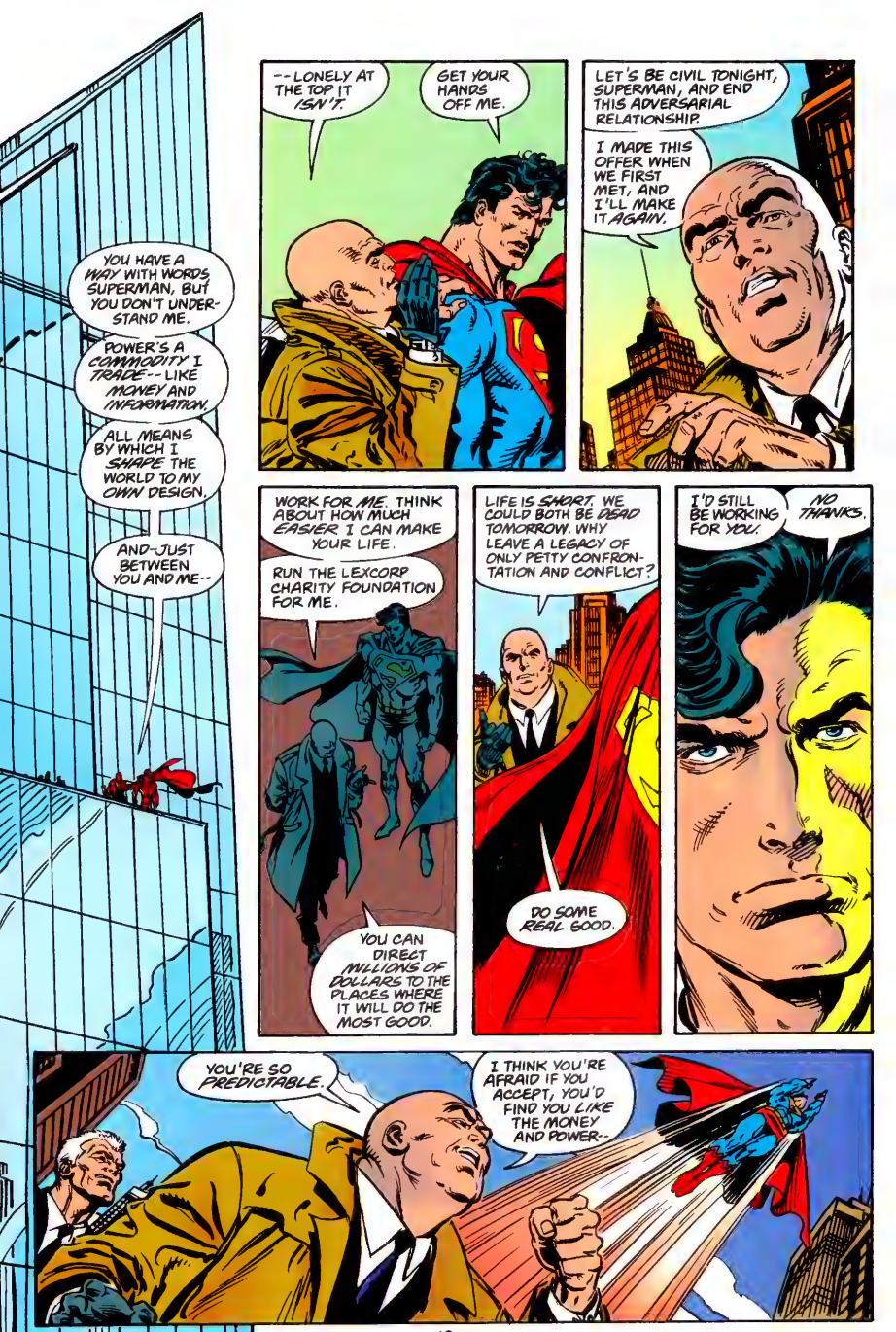
YOU KNOW, WE COULD STILL COLLECT MY BEST PLANET COLUMNS.
OLD NEWS. THEY WANT NEW, FRESH. LIKE YOUR FIRST BOOK. ONLY DIFFERENT.

TO TELL THE TRUTH, CAROL--
--WRITING THIS BOOK'S BEEN LIKE PULLING TEETH.
WRITER'S BLOCK? GET OVER IT, SWEETIE.

BY NEXT FRIDAY.
SMAK
KISS KISS. GOTTA RUN.

I'D RATHER TALK TO THAT BLONDE FROM CHANNEL SEVEN.
METROPOLIS POLICE DEPT.
NO OFFENSE, MAN, BUT NOBODY READS THE PAPER.
CESARE KUBIEC. LEADER OF THE GRIFFINS. YOU'RE RAPSHEET'S A LITANY OF ASSAULT AND NARCOTICS CHARGES.
TELL ME WHY THE GRIFFINS HAVE DECLARED WAR ON THE GAETANO FAMILY. THEY'RE KIND OF OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.
METROPOLIS CITY JAIL
WHAT CAN I SAY, WE'RE MOTIVATED.
I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THE WEAPONS?
SEARS. WHERE AMERICA SHOPS. THEY WERE ON SALE.
METROPOLIS CITY JAIL
I THINK LEXCORP SUPPLIED YOU THE WEAPONS.
EVEN IF THE BIG MAN HIMSELF GAVE ME THE GUNS--WHICH I'M NOT SAYING--
--WHY WOULD I INCRIMINATE LEX LUTHOR?
DO I LOOK THAT STUPID?
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
"LUTHOR OWNS THIS CITY."


WHUPPWHUPPWHUPPWHUP
EVERY MINUTE IT SITS IN THE BAY, I'M LOSING MONEY.
CALL TENNESSEE AND CONVINCE THEM TO TAKE IT. THEY OWE ME.
AND MAKE SURE THE ORPHEUM KNOWS I'M ATTENDING THE DON GIOVANNI PREMIERE.
LUTHOR.
SUPERMAN. COME TO WELCOME ME HOME FROM THE INTER-NATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE?
DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND STEP AWAY FROM MR. LUTHOR!
RELAX, ERICH. SUPERMAN OFTEN MAKES THESE UNANNOUNCED VISITS.
HE'S NEVER LEARNED TO CALL AHEAD.
I FOUND THESE IN THE GRIFFIN GANG'S WAREHOUSE.
SUPPLYING WEAPONS TO KIDS NOW, LEX?
KLANGG
KLANNK
KLANNK
THE CONNOR-7000-- THE ION PULSE UNIT. I DESIGNED THEM FOR THE GULF WAR--!
SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I'M PROVIDING STREET GANGS WITH ZIP GUNS?
LEX, WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE A POWER JUNKIE WITH AN OBSESSIVE NEED TO CONTROL ALL OF METROPOLIS--
--FROM THE BOARDROOMS OF DOWNTOWN TO THE BACKROOMS OF SUICIDE SLUM.


--LONELY AT THE TOP IT ISN'T.
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME.
LET'S BE CIVIL TONIGHT, SUPERMAN, AND END THIS ADVERSARIAL RELATIONSHIP.
I MADE THIS OFFER WHEN WE FIRST MET, AND I'LL MAKE IT AGAIN.
YOU HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS SUPERMAN, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME.
POWER'S A COMMODITY I TRADE--LIKE MONEY AND INFORMATION.
ALL MEANS BY WHICH I SHAPE THE WORLD TO MY OWN DESIGN.
AND--JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME--
WORK FOR ME. THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH EASIER I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE.
RUN THE LEXCORP CHARITY FOUNDATION FOR ME.
YOU CAN DIRECT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO THE PLACES WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD.
LIFE IS SHORT. WE COULD BOTH BE DEAD TOMORROW. WHY LEAVE A LEGACY OF ONLY PETTY CONFRONTATION AND CONFLICT?
DO SOME REAL GOOD.
I'D STILL BE WORKING FOR YOU.
NO THANKS.
YOU'RE SO PREDICTABLE.
I THINK YOU'RE AFRAID IF YOU ACCEPT, YOU'D FIND YOU LIKE THE MONEY AND POWER--

--AND YOU FEAR FALLING FROM GRACE MORE THAN ANYTHING.
GROCERY
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A ROUGH DAY, TOO, KENT.
FRESH FRUITS
MS. DACOSTA.
JOANNA. PLEASE. SORRY ABOUT THE BRUSH-OFF EARLIER--
--THESE EIGHTY HOUR WORK WEEKS MAKE ME TESTY.
DO YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?
I'M IN THE BECKOFF BUILDING. YOU CAN SEE MY PLACE FROM HERE. TOP FLOOR.
NICE. YOU MUST BE DOING VERY WELL...
IT'S WHAT I DREAMED OF ALL THROUGH LAW SCHOOL. PARTNERSHIP IN A MAJOR FIRM.
TOO BAD THE FIRM'S LEXCORP.
YOU GENUINELY DISLIKE LUTHOR, DON'T YOU, CLARK?
DO YOU WANT SWORN TESTIMONY, COUNSELOR?
DAIRY
NO. I JUST HOPE YOUR ANTIPATHY DOESN'T EXTEND TO HIS EMPLOYEES.
BESIDES, IT'S A JOB. AND IT SURE BEATS STRUGGLING.
IF YOU SAY SO.
I DO.
SEE YOU 'ROUND, NEIGHBOR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN PAYMENT WAS NEVER RECEIVED?
I REMEMBER WRITING THE CHECK.
I MAILED IT WITH ALL MY--
WAIT A SECOND. I FOUND IT.
LOOK, IS THERE ANY WAY TO GET THE POWER TURNED BACK ON TONIGHT?
I CAN GET YOU THE CHECK RIGHT AWAY. REALLY.
NOT UNTIL MORNING?
OKAY.
FINE.
THANKS.
KLIK
"COME WORK FOR ME. THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH EASIER I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE."
"AND IT SURE BEATS STRUGGLING."
MAYBE...
tap tap tap tap

Under a yellow sun, floating in its encompassing warmth, he felt reborn.
One life abandoned, taken away by a tropical breeze.
Another begun, washed up on shore with the certainty of the tide.
And, as he floated, suspended between worlds, between lives, he heard the voice of an angel.
You're a hard man to track down, Mr. Guthrie.
An angel with a matching set of Vuitton luggage.
The *desk clerk* at the Hotel Aguila said you had checked out *yesterday*.
Did you sleep on the beach?
Angela Zessoules. I'm here to make you an *offer*.
The only room I can afford. I've *maxxed* all my credit cards.
You have me at a *disadvantage*.
Just for *listening* to the proposition, my employer will pay you *one thousand dollars*.
Interested?
Is that a line?
A thousand bucks. Guthrie knew there would be strings attached.
But with no money, no job, and no home, he didn't have much to lose.

Angela said little about her employer on their way to the Trager Hotel--
--a one-time Spanish colonial estate renovated and rechristened by international commodities magnate Preston Trager.
Surveying the hotel's upscale clientele-- old and new money and their entourages--
--Guthrie wondered what would motivate one of these people to dangle a cool thousand in front of a vagrant like himself.
Friendly place. Do the guns come with the mints on the pillow at night?
The island's politics have grown increasingly *violent* of late--
--and *Preston Trager* is nothing if not careful.
Trager? That's who I'm meeting?
A *VANITY FAIR* article Guthrie once read called Preston Trager *"unrepentantly aggressive and unstoppably kinetic"*--
--meaning he was a ruthless, brutal entrepreneur who bulldozed over anything in his path.
Not a good idea, sir. We have a relationship with the General.
Nonsense, Quinn. We need to prepare for *every* eventuality.
David Guthrie. I knew Angie would find you.
I'm *confused*. Why am I here?
You're straightforward. I like that.
In the next ten years Corto Maltese will become the major economic power in the region
I need someone to represent me to the island-- someone with the respect of the people.
Someone who saved the life of the country's *voice* and *conscience*.
NAVY SEAL SAVES PLANE CREW AND POET IN ATHENA
NAVY HERO

You want me because I rescued Joachim DalGallo *three* years ago?
Think of yourself as a *goodwill ambassador* for my interests.
In return, *live* here at the hotel, and *draw* an *obscene* salary.
Stopping Guthrie from immediately accepting was the steel-eyed stare from Trager's bodyguard.
One question. Is the *CIA* holding a retreat here?
Very perceptive, Dave. Yes, at one time Quinn was part of American intelligence--
--but I *lured* him here to head my security.
All this sounds a little *too* good to be true.
Dave, this is the promised land. Don't throw away a golden opportunity.
Think about how much *easier* I can make your life.
Guthrie heard his father's voice reminding him that there was no such thing as a free lunch.
Still, he thought, perhaps it was time to put aside the puritan work ethic that drove him--
--take life at a slower pace--
--and learn to enjoy the view.
Okay, Mr. Trager. I *accept*. When do I *start*?

Outfitted with a new wardrobe, and given a suite that had a bathroom bigger than his Metropolis apartment--
--Guthrie took to his newly created position as *guest liaison* very quickly.
Trager's only request so far had been that Guthrie socialize with the guests.
You're from *Kansas?* That's practically another planet!
My air conditioning is *still* not working.
Some times it was harder than others.
I'll have you know I'm not paying *three hundred* dollars a night to *swelter*.
I *apologize* for the delay. I'll speak to Miguel in maintenance, Ms. Dzubak.
Don't you have something to do?
Not yet. Why didn't they tell me about this job at career day in high school?
Don't get *too* comfortable.
Remember, when Trager *calls*, you *jump*.
And how high do *you* jump for him?
Don't give *me* attitude. We *both* sold our souls.
And *face* it, Guthrie, it sure beats *struggl*--
KRASH

KRRRASH!
UNGHH
JIMMY!
...SORRY 'BOUT THAT, CLARK... OOHHWW... I'LL CLEAN IT UP...
FORGET ABOUT THE PLANT. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I WAS AT PIER 32, TAKING SHOTS OF THE GARBAGE SCOW FOR LOIS--
--NOTHING PRIZE-WINNING, JUST A LITTLE ATMOSPHERE.
CLICK
NEXT THING I KNOW THIS BIG DOCKWORKER CLOCKS ME, AND I HIT THE PAVEMENT!
THEN HE TRIES TO GRAB MY CAMERA, LIKE I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE SHOOTING THE LAZLO...
LUCKILY, THE DOCK WAS SLIPPERY, AND I MANAGED TO GET AWAY--
--BUT I'M STILL SEEING STARS FROM THAT HAYMAKER. OW.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT ROLL, AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHY SOMEONE DIDN'T WANT YOU THERE.
ALL SHOTS OF THE SHIP. GARBAGE. GARBAGE. MORE GARBAGE.
EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE. TWO GUYS ARGUING.
THAT'S ERICH VAN HOOK.
WHAT'S LUTHOR'S HEAD OF SECURITY DOING WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE LAZLO?

For every man like Trager, there's a Quinn nearby, hired to do his boss's dirty work.
Nosy little--!
They take pleasure in violence and cruelty--
-- and rationalize their sadism as simply a professional requirement.
What do you think you're doing, Quinn?
Caught Joe College trying to *hotwire* the penthouse elevator, looking to ambush Mr. Trager.
What, and *steal* his *soul* with this camera?
Come on, Quinn, he's just a *kid*. You don't have to rough him up like this...
You want responsibility for this whelp? *Fine*. *You* can let him go.
We have his *film*.
Thanks. I'm *Jeff Rutsky*. I'm covering the political crisis down here for the College News Syndicate.
You were taking a big risk, Jeff.
I wanted a picture of your boss for a side bar we're doing on the new *imperialists*.
You were too, Guthrie. Quinn won't forgive being challenged in public.
You've made an *enemy*.
At least I don't owe him money.
So much for soaking up the sun, he thought...

... Storm clouds were rolling in...
WRITING ON THAT OLD TYPEWRITER'S LIKE TAKING A TRAIN WHEN YOU COULD FLY.
WHAT'S THE POINT?
Tap tap tap tap

MY DAD GAVE ME THIS WHEN I WAS TWELVE.
BESIDES, I'M A FAST TYPIST.
HOW'S THE NOVEL COMING?

JIMMY GOT BEAT UP FOR TAKING THIS SHOT OF LUTHOR'S HEAD OF SECURITY AT THE LAZLO...
YOU'RE CHANGING THE SUBJECT.
LOIS WAS RIGHT. YOU'RE DESPERATE FOR ANY DISTRACTION TO KEEP YOU FROM WRITING.

PERRY, I FEEL LIKE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN AND TREADING WATER.
I CAN'T SEEM TO FINISH THIS NOVEL--
--AND I CAN'T PROVE LEXCORP'S SUPPLYING THE GRIFFIN GANG WITH WEAPONS.

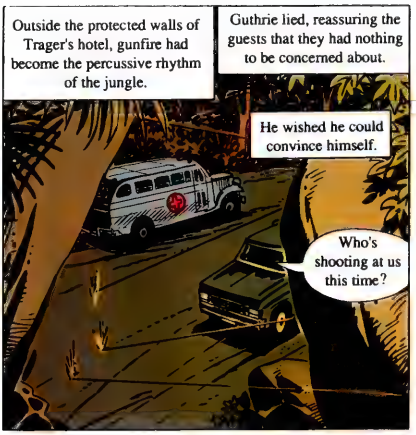
EVER THINK LUTHOR HAS THESE KINDS OF DAYS?

SINCE SUPERMAN'S BEEN IN TOWN. DEFINITELY.
CLARK, WE BOTH KNOW LEX IS CROOKED. HE'LL GET HIS ONE DAY.
AND I HOPE I'M THERE WHEN IT HAPPENS.

His growing unease at the hotel made Guthrie hit the Esperanza docks, where he hoped to find an old friend...
...not the barrel of a .38 pointed straight at his chest.
Listen, slick, I don't know *who* you are but you better get *off* my boat before I--
At the Academy, Philip Hawkins taught Guthrie how to survive on the sea and under it.
Guthrie!!!
No tougher, more demanding diving instructor existed.
Son of a gun! I haven't seen you since--
--San Diego, lieutenant.
Lose the *rank*, son. I'm *retired*.
What the hell are you doing this side of the equator?
Working at the hotel.
For *Trager? Bad* news, son.
Trager bought that overpriced *tourist trap* just after the last *free* elections--
-- a couple months before General Dominguez and his bully boys seized power.
You think Trager had something to do with the *coup?*
I think you made a *deal* with the *devil*.

--LIKE THE FORTY THOUSAND TONS OF TRASH ABOARD THE LAZLO--
--WE ARE ALL GARBAGE--
--USED AND DISCARDED BY THE RULING CLASS--
BIOHAZARD GALLERY
"SPECTRES and REFUSE"
Gannelle
SODER Cola
ARE YOU HAVING ANY FUN, CLARK?
SORRY, LOIS, MAYBE I SHOULD BE HOME WRITING--
EXHALE. YOU'RE DRIVING YOURSELF CRAZY.
LOOK WHO'S HERE...
FRANKIE GAETANO. MOB BOSS ABOUT TOWN. HIS SISTER OWNS THE GALLERY.
THE GRIFFINS TARGETED HIS SOCIAL CLUB--
CLARK.
LOIS LANE, JOANNA DACOSTA.
LOIS...
IT'S OKAY. MS. LANE'S STILL ANGRY ABOUT THAT RESTRAINING ORDER I PLACED ON HER WHEN SHE WAS HARASSING THE CHIEF OF LEXCHEM.
GRIFFINS RULE!
VZZZZTTTT

ANY OTHER GALLERY, AND I'D THINK THIS WAS PART OF THE PERFORMANCE.
STAY DOWN! GAETANO'S GOONS ARE GOING FOR THEIR GUNS!
BLAM BLAM
¡UNNGHHF!
HATE TO RUIN THE ARTIST'S WORK--
BUT I NEED TO STOP THIS BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED IN THE CROSSFIRE.
HOPE NO ONE'S LOOKING.
CHUNDT
PUT THE GUNS AWAY, GENTLEMEN. MY SISTER'LL KILL ME IF SHE THINKS I WRECKED HER PLACE.
ANOTHER LEXCORP PRODUCT-- WHAT'S THE SLOGAN --"MAKING LIFE BETTER IN METROPOLIS."
MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE A COMPANY PLAYER, EH, MS. DaCOSTA?
OH MY GOD...HE'S BLEEDING--
IT'S OKAY, JOANNA, AN AMBULANCE'S ON THE WAY.
...HE'S REALLY BLEEDING.


Outside the protected walls of Trager's hotel, gunfire had become the percussive rhythm of the jungle.
Guthrie lied, reassuring the guests that they had nothing to be concerned about.
He wished he could convince himself.
Who's shooting at us this time?

Both sides. The army's on the west, and DalGallo's rebels to the east.
DalGallo, the poet? He's no revolutionary.
Since Dominguez took power, DalGallo's led the opposition.

BUDDA BUDDA
God, I *hate* this. I hear gunfire in my *dreams* now.

That socialist DalGallo's going to *destroy* this island.
That why Trager's sending us to meet with the General, Quinn? To save the locals from *themselves?*

A nearby thunderclap drowned Quinn's expletive-laced response.
BA-DOOM
There are kids in there!

By the time he realized he was giving the snipers on either side a six-foot-two moving target, he was halfway to the bus.
Guthrie!
Let him *go*. If we're *lucky*, he'll step on a land mine.

Dame los ninos!
Your Spanish is lousy, mister. Who the hell are you?
Name's Guthrie.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SPANKKLE
They're shooting wide...
Let's hope they don't have--
KA-BLAMF
--mortars--!
You're one of Trager's boys?
Yeah.
You don't act like one.
Listen. The gunfire's stopped.
It's over.
For the time being. But they'll start fighting again.
You can get off me, now.

That was *stupid*, Guthrie. You aren't *paid* to play boy scout.
What was I *supposed* to do?
Let them get blown to bits?

Don't expect empathy from a *guard dog*--
-- not in the middle of his *master's* war.

What do you mean?
You work for Trager. Figure it out.
Dominguez never could've taken power without *help*.

Let's *go*. We've wasted enough time. The General is expecting us.
Riding into Dominguez's camp, Guthrie knew for certain he was in the middle of a war--

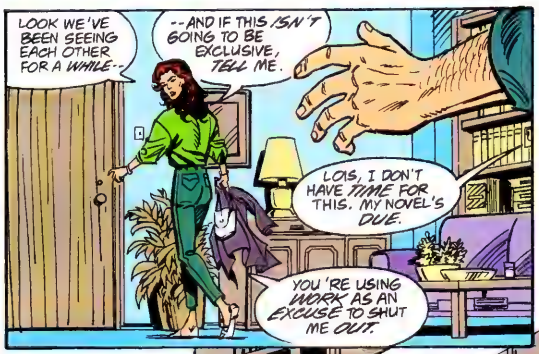
-- and wondered if he was on the right side.
We need more *automatics*, Quinn.
That's what we're here for, General.

We're running *guns*? Trager never told me that.
Keep your *voice* down. It's an *operating* expense...

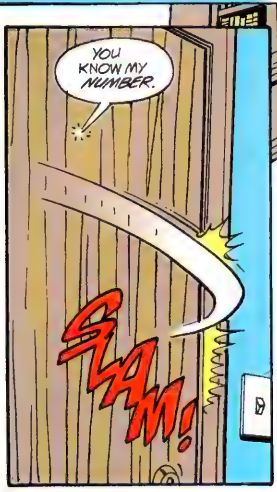
"... It keeps the fighting away from the hotel."
CLARK, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
SURE, LOIS.
IS THERE SOMETHING BETWEEN YOU AND JOANNA DACOSTA?
WHAT?

LAST NIGHT, WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED, YOU WERE SO... PROTECTIVE OF HER...
SHE WAS in SHOCK. THAT MAN WAS SHOT IN FRONT OF HER.

SHE'S ONE OF LUTHOR'S TOP LAWYERS. SHE PROBABLY KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT HOW THE GRIFFINS GOT THOSE GUNS.
WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH US?


LOOK WE'VE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE--
--AND IF THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EXCLUSIVE, TELL ME.
LOIS, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. MY NOVEL'S DUE.
YOU'RE USING WORK AS AN EXCUSE TO SHUT ME OUT.

CLARK, WE'RE ALL AFRAID OF FAILURE. WE'RE ALL INSECURE.
THAT'S WHAT MAKES US HUMAN.
WHEN YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME-- I MEAN, REALLY TALK--


YOU KNOW MY NUMBER.
SLAM!

It was like she could see right through him...

... straight through every rationalization that might justify being part of Trager's weapons dealings.
The truth hurts when it slaps you in the face.
Get a shot of *this*, Jeff--
-- once again we received *half* the shipment of medical supplies we ordered.
The other half was *confiscated* by Dominguez's soldiers at the docks.
Geez, this won't last *three* months, let alone *six*.

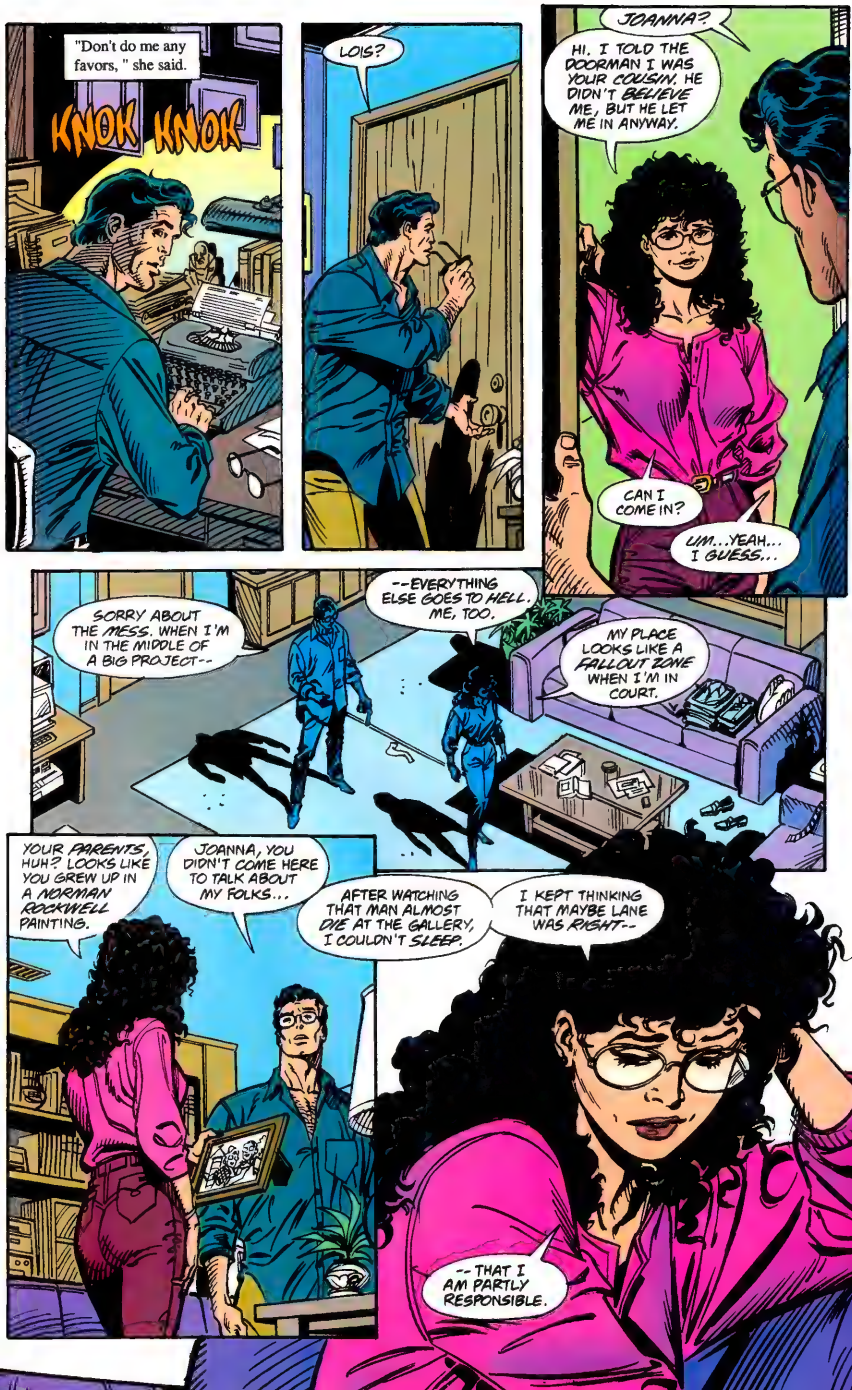
Rebecca, that's the guy I told you about from the hotel
We've *met*.
Ms. Carr, I need to talk to you.
I don't think you want to hear the things *I* have to say--

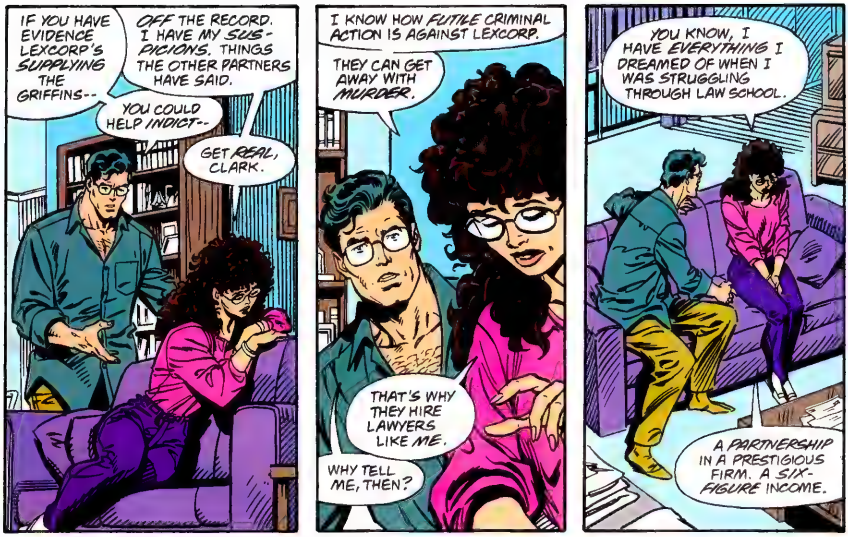
-- but if you're gonna stick around, make yourself *useful*.
Uumph!

I did some checking at the hotel. Found out you're *the* Rebecca Carr--
-- onetime correspondent for the *Gotham Globe*. Now you run this Red Cross center.
Any of your detective work have a *point*?

What did you mean about Trager starting this war?
The old administration was unsympathetic to Trager's business so he funded Dominguez's *junta*.
With no *democratic* recourse, is it any *wonder* the people are fighting back?

So why take your anger at Trager out on *me*.
Look, Guthrie, I *appreciate* your helping me get the kids out of the bus--
-- but all this concern doesn't make you any *less* an *accomplice*.
Follow me. I'll show you what Trager's *really* done to this island.
Right now I've got a hospital *crowded* with victims of the fighting, and not *half* the supplies needed to treat them.
Hello, Mr. Guthrie.
DalGallo?
You two *know* each other?
Mr. Guthrie saved my life during Hurricane Athena a few years ago.
You are *friends* with Rebecca?
He works for Trager.
A *pity*. Your employer and I do not share the same *vision* of Corto Maltese.
I didn't know that you... I *mean*...
Was it shame he felt under DalGallo's paternal gaze?
Ah, *well*. We make choices and *live* with them.
Now, you will *excuse* me. These days, I cannot stay too long in one place.
I won't tell anyone he was here.


"Don't do me any favors," she said.
KNOK KNOK
LOIS?
JOANNA?
HI. I TOLD THE DOORMAN I WAS YOUR COUSIN. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, BUT HE LET ME IN ANYWAY.
CAN I COME IN?
UM...YEAH... I GUESS...
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS. WHEN I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG PROJECT--
--EVERYTHING ELSE GOES TO HELL. ME, TOO.
MY PLACE LOOKS LIKE A FALLOUT ZONE WHEN I'M IN COURT.
YOUR PARENTS, HUH? LOOKS LIKE YOU GREW UP IN A NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING.
JOANNA, YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT MY FOLKS...
AFTER WATCHING THAT MAN ALMOST DIE AT THE GALLERY, I COULDN'T SLEEP.
I KEPT THINKING THAT MAYBE LANE WAS RIGHT--
--THAT I AM PARTLY RESPONSIBLE.

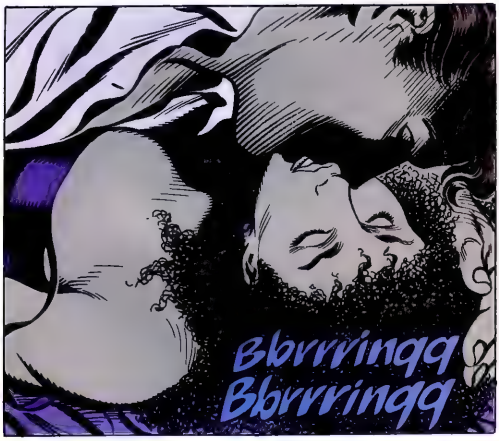

IF YOU HAVE EVIDENCE LEXCORP'S SUPPLYING THE GRIFFINS--
OFF THE RECORD. I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS. THINGS THE OTHER PARTNERS HAVE SAID.
YOU COULD HELP INDICT--
GET REAL, CLARK.
I KNOW HOW FUTILE CRIMINAL ACTION IS AGAINST LEXCORP.
THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER.
THAT'S WHY THEY HIRE LAWYERS LIKE ME.
WHY TELL ME, THEN?
YOU KNOW, I HAVE EVERYTHING I DREAMED OF WHEN I WAS STRUGGLING THROUGH LAW SCHOOL.
A PARTNERSHIP IN A PRESTIGIOUS FIRM. A SIX-FIGURE INCOME.

THEN I MEET YOU-- AND I WONDER ABOUT WHAT I'VE MISSED BECAUSE I WAS WRAPPED UP IN MY CAREER.
I'M GOING TO BOSTON FRIDAY. I'VE GOT HALF A DAY'S WORK, AND THEN THE WHOLE WEEKEND FREE.
DO YOU WANT TO JOIN ME?
JOANNA, I-I'M INVOLVED.
LANE, RIGHT? OH GOD, IT'S TRUE. THE GOOD ONES ARE TAKEN.
KLIK whirr KLIK whirr
It took every ounce of will power to ignore the smell of her hair, the feel of her skin...

And it wasn't enough.
This is *wrong*.

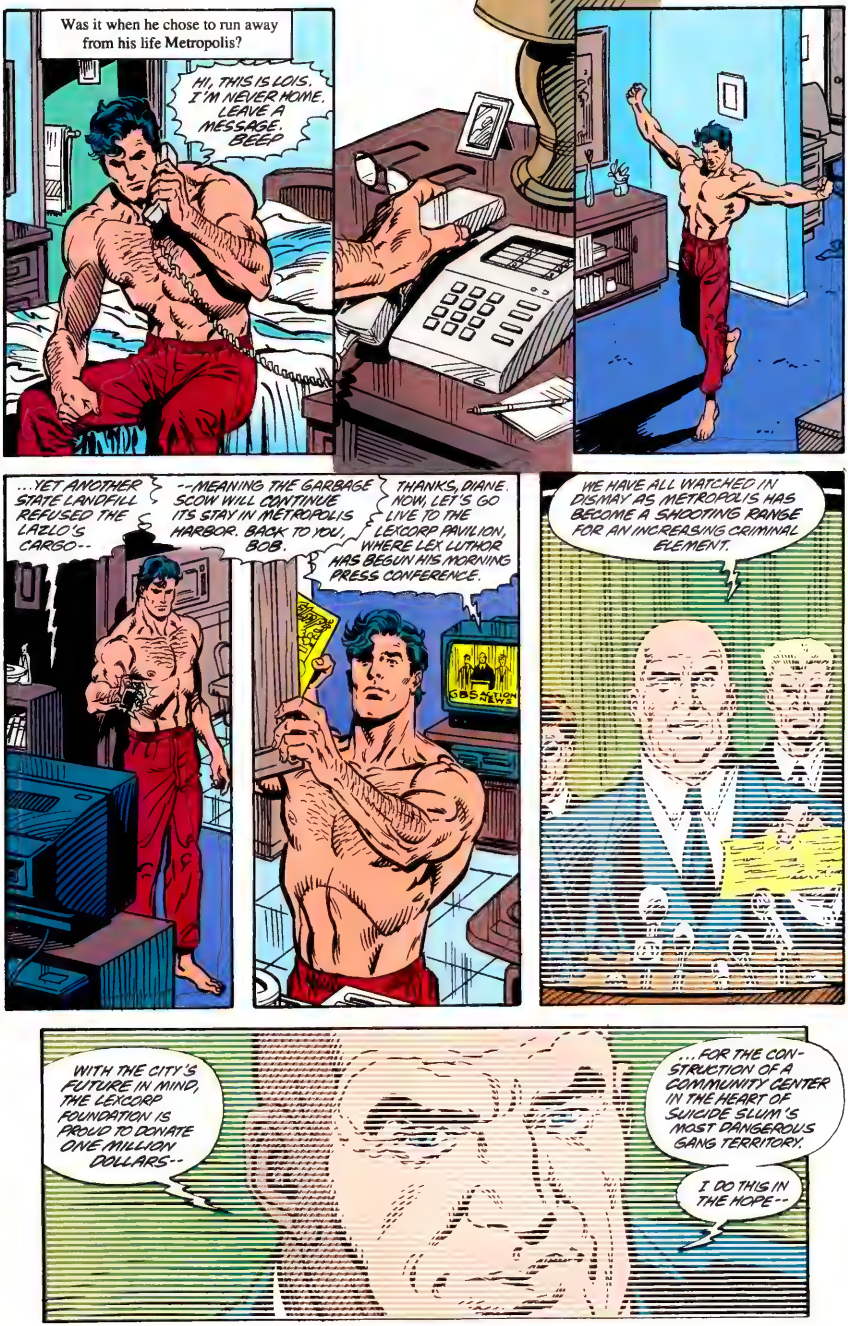
The island's on the verge of *all-out* civil war--

You can't save the *whole* world, Guthrie.
So why not *enjoy* yourself.
But...
You *think* too much.


Bbrrringg
Bbrrringg

Yeah... This is Guthrie... *Right*.

Trager wants to *talk* to me. I've got to *go*.
Where did he lose the strength to stand up to someone like Trager?


Was it when he chose to run away from his life Metropolis?
HI, THIS IS LOIS. I'M NEVER HOME. LEAVE A MESSAGE. BEEP
...YET ANOTHER STATE LANDFILL REFUSED THE LAZLO'S CARGO--
--MEANING THE GARBAGE SCOW WILL CONTINUE ITS STAY IN METROPOLIS HARBOR. BACK TO YOU, BOB.
THANKS, DIANE. NOW, LET'S GO LIVE TO THE LEXCORP PAVILION, WHERE LEX LUTHOR HAS BEGUN HIS MORNING PRESS CONFERENCE.
CBS NEWS
WE HAVE ALL WATCHED IN DISMAY AS METROPOLIS HAS BECOME A SHOOTING RANGE FOR AN INCREASING CRIMINAL ELEMENT.
WITH THE CITY'S FUTURE IN MIND, THE LEXCORP FOUNDATION IS PROUD TO DONATE ONE MILLION DOLLARS--
...FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A COMMUNITY CENTER IN THE HEART OF SUICIDE SLUM'S MOST DANGEROUS GANG TERRITORY.
I DO THIS IN THE HOPE--

-- we can *end* the violence and *restore* the peace.
Trager's practiced sincerity was almost convincing.
I won't *pretend* to be a philanthropist, Guthrie.
FWHUP!
Civil war's no good for *my* business.
WHACK
That's why I've convinced General Dominguez to *negotiate* with DalGallo.
And you want *me* to get in touch with DalGallo.
FWHUP
You saved his life a few years ago. He'll *trust* you.
Some people say *you* put Dominguez in office.
I'm just a businessman trying to protect my *interests*...
which happen to be the *island's* as well.
All *right*. I'll find DalGallo, and give him the message.
And then I *quit*.
Sometimes money can't buy the last word.

The rebels' first camouflaged sentry spotted him half a mile back.
The second was equally well hidden to his left.
He made no effort to acknowledge their presence--

-- until they judged him no threat, and stepped out of the shadows.

Once they were certain he was unarmed--
-- they would lead him to their poet revolutionary.

You are a man of *resource*, Mr. Guthrie.
But I think your heart is *not* in your work.

Dominguez is willing to sit down and talk. Trager arranged it.
Do you believe it is an *honorable* request?

No.

The snap of a branch stopped him in midsentence.
Any other place, he might have ignored it--

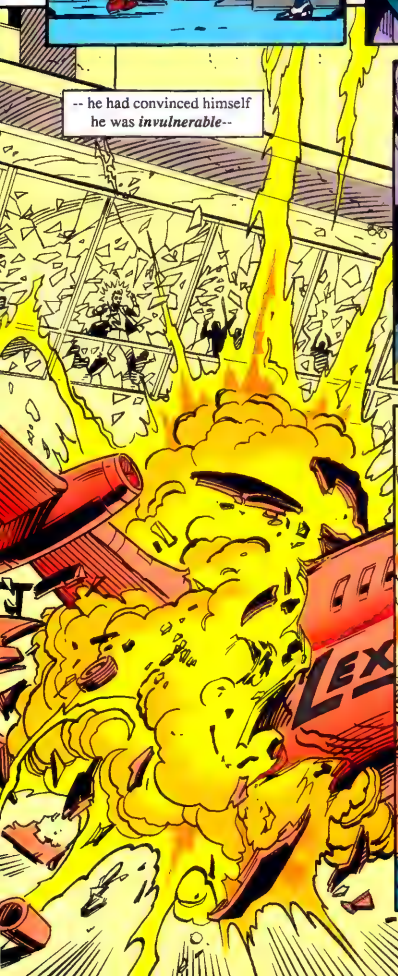
-- but not here.
Get down.
BLAM
Quinn. *Damn.* I was sure no one followed me.
That ex-spook's *better* than I figured.
BADDA BADDA BADDA
We will have to break camp.
Again, I owe you my *life*.
No, not *this* time.
Trager *hired* me knowing I could get to you.
He set me up!
He couldn't return to the hotel. Trager had attempted to terminate more than his employment.

He planned to make Trager regret that "business" decision.
:BEEP: CLARK. LOIS. ARE WE STILL TALKING? I'M AT THE OFFICE.
KLIK
:BEEP: CLARK, THIS IS YOUR AGENT. YOU'RE MAKING ME ABSOLUTELY NUTS. PLEASE TELL ME THE NOVEL'S FINISHED. KISS. KISS.
:BEEP: UM... HI, CLARK... JOANNA... ABOUT THE GRIFFINS AND LEXCORP.
...I FOUND THE PROOF YOU WANTED..
:BEEP: IT'S YOUR MOTHER. JUST CALLED TO TELL YOU THE LEFFERDINKS HAD TWINS. OTHER THAN THAT, SMALLVILLE'S THE SAME AS EVER. LOVE YOU.
...GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M DOING THIS...
...LOOK, JUST MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT, I'LL EXPLAIN THEN...
REWIND
PLAY
MY FLIGHT GETS IN AT FIVE. :BEEP:
CASIO
5:00
RESIST

INTERNATIONAL AIRP
GATES 12 - 20
5:0
VVOOSH

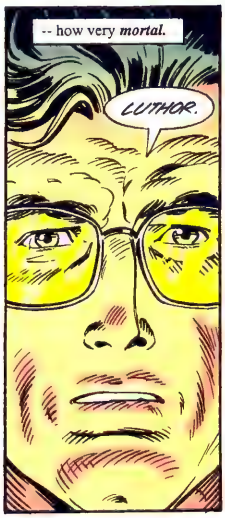
IS THE BOSTON FLIGHT HERE YET?
IT JUST ARRIVED, SIR.
ARRIV
BOSTO
LEX

After walking away from so many near-death experiences--


-- he had convinced himself he was *invulnerable*--
LEX

JOANNA!

-- forgetting how very vulnerable the rest of the world is--
BUDDY, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! YOU'D BURN UP.
BUT I--
PAL, THERE AIN'T NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO. NO ONE SURVIVED THAT.


-- how very *mortal.*
LUTHOR.

He grew up believing that good would be rewarded and evil punished.
He wondered now if he'd been foolish to put faith in such a simple moral code.
Too often, he had seen innocents suffer--
-- and the guilty walk away.
Officially, her death was an accident.
Any evidence suggesting otherwise would be lost or destroyed.
I DON'T CARE WHAT CROSS WANTS. TELL HIM THIS ISN'T CHINATOWN.
AND CALL SEATTLE. ORDER ANOTHER PLANE.
Money would buy the truth.
How easy it would be--
--to exact justice--
-- in kind.

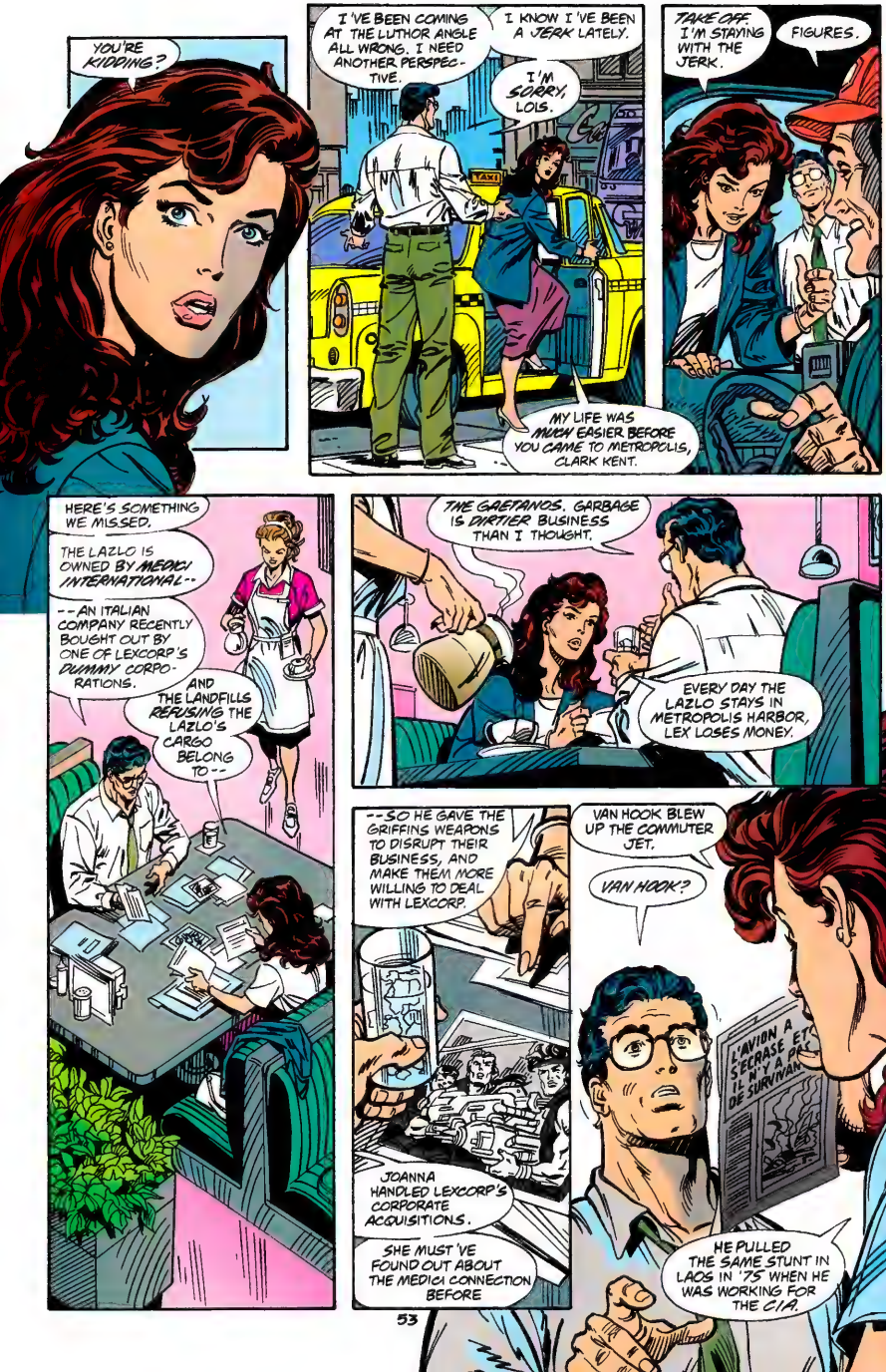
He couldn't get the image of her dead body out of his mind.
Miserable *crud!* Her jeep didn't go off the cliff accidentally!
You *killed* her!
Blame yourself for dear Angela's death.
If you hadn't convinced her to take documents detailing my arms sales to Dominguez--
You're going to *pay*--!
My god, you are *naive*. This is about *profit*-- not morality or politics.
Try to see things from *my* point of view...
No thanks...
K-TING
Nnnggggg
Give me that...
Put that down. You're not going to use it. You're too *weak*...
He was so smug...
... So certain...he was so certain...
...so wrong.

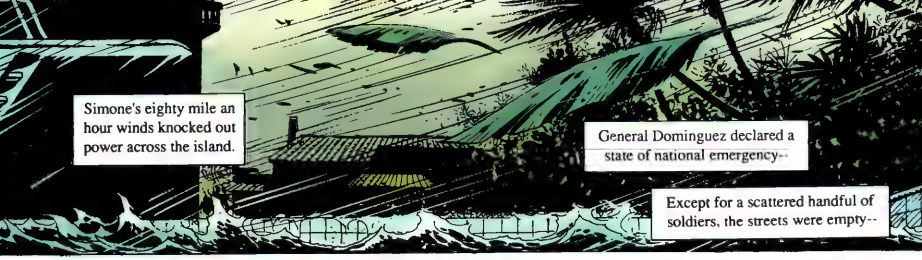
"...STARING AT THE BLOOD-STAINED AND BULLET-RIDDLED BODY OF PRESTON TRAGER, ALL HE COULD DO WAS LAUGH BITTERLY...
"...WHEN YOU MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, HE ALWAYS TAKES YOUR SOUL."
PRETTY HARD-BOILED, CLARK.
GIVE ME THAT.
SORRY. I WAS WAITING, AND IT WAS ON YOUR DESK.
SO THAT'S HOW YOUR BOOK ENDS? GUTHRIE KILLS TRAGER?
I THINK THAT'S PRETTY CLEAR.
BLOWING THE BAD GUY'S BRAINS OUT IS NO SOLUTION--
--AND IT'S SURPRISING TO READ FROM ONE OF THE MOST GOOD-HEARTED MEN I KNOW.
MAYBE I FINALLY REALIZED THAT JUSTICE IS THE REAL FICTION.
LUTHOR SUPPLIES WEAPONS TO STREET GANGS, TURNS METROPOLIS INTO A WAR ZONE--
--AND THE COURTS WILL NEVER TOUCH HIM.
NIHILISM DOESN'T BECOME YOU.
THIS IS ABOUT JOANNA DACOSTA, ISN'T IT?
YOU BLAME YOURSELF FOR HER DEATH.
YOU'RE RIGHT, LOIS. YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.
I HAVEN'T SOLVED ANYTHING.

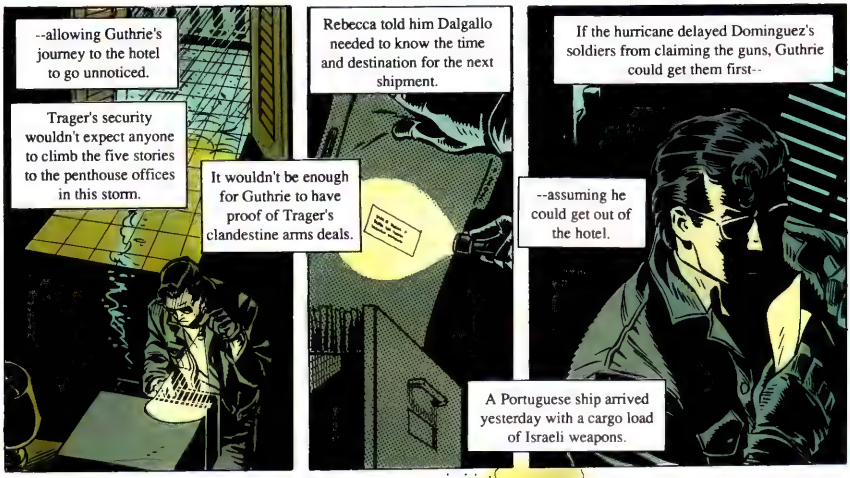
Just as she said, he was no killer.
At this moment, that moral certainty seemed a hollow comfort.
He felt an overwhelming need to fly away... far away--
-- but in his heart, he knew he had nowhere to run.
HOMELESS
-- he couldn't distance himself from the cold, hard truth.
A woman was dead, and he was to blame.
No matter how foreign the country, no matter how remote the location--
THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE.

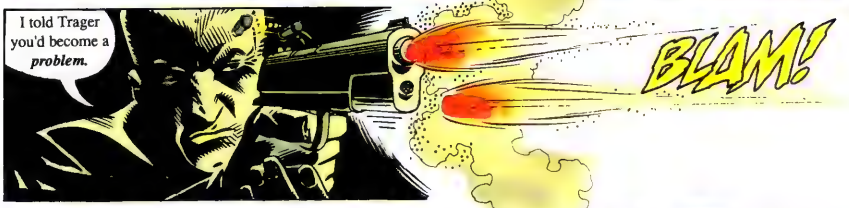
PERRY...
WHENEVER I HIT A WALL, I AGONIZE FOR A WHILE, THEN END UP RETRACING MY STEPS--
-- LOOKING FOR THE ANGLE I MISSED.
EIGHTY-THOUSAND TONS OF METROPOLIS TRASH OUT THERE.
IT'S A WONDER THE CITY DOESN'T COLLAPSE FROM ITS OWN WEIGHT.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO, AND I APPRECIATE IT--
--BUT I'M OKAY. HONEST.
YOU'RE A LOUSY LIAR, KID.
ANYONE CAN SEE YOU'RE KNOTTED UP INSIDE.
I GOT SO WRAPPED UP IN THIS STUPID NOVEL.
I DIDN'T REALIZE JOANNA DACOSTA WAS IN DANGER UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.
I KNOW IT'S NOT FAIR, CLARK, BUT THAT'S LIFE.
PEOPLE GET HURT AND PEOPLE DIE--
--EVEN WHEN WE TRY TO PROTECT THEM.
DO YOURSELF A FAVOR. FINISH YOUR NOVEL. THEN WRAP UP THE LEXCORP STORY.
AND REMEMBER, YOUR FRIENDS AREN'T THE ENEMY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FACE YOUR PROBLEMS ALONE.

Hawkins didn't need to be asked twice.
If Guthrie intended to knock Trager out of his ivory tower, the old sailor was prepared to help him, come hell or high water--
-- and with Hurricane Simone headed directly for Corto Maltese, the latter seemed more than likely.
Shoulda *killed* that bald vulture when you had the chance.
Done us *all* a favor.
Not my style, Phil. I'm gonna *cripple* his arms dealings--
-- make sure he won't play games with people's lives *ever* again.
The radio said Simone would hit the island in two hours.
You don't have much time.
That's why I need the help.
Bad time to make a *social call*, Guthrie.
You make the *damnedest* entrances, Guthrie. What do you want this time?
Trager's ready to plunge this island into full-scale war.
And you're here to *gloat?*
Harsh, Rebecca. *Harsh.*
No. I need your help.
My help?


YOU'RE KIDDING?
I'VE BEEN COMING AT THE LUTHOR ANGLE ALL WRONG. I NEED ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE.
I KNOW I'VE BEEN A JERK LATELY.
I'M SORRY, LOIS.
MY LIFE WAS MUCH EASIER BEFORE YOU CAME TO METROPOLIS, CLARK KENT.
TAKE OFF. I'M STAYING WITH THE JERK.
FIGURES.
HERE'S SOMETHING WE MISSED.
THE LAZLO IS OWNED BY MEDICI INTERNATIONAL--
--AN ITALIAN COMPANY RECENTLY BOUGHT OUT BY ONE OF LEXCORP'S DUMMY CORPORATIONS.
AND THE LANDFILLS REFUSING THE LAZLO'S CARGO BELONG TO--
THE GAETANOS. GARBAGE IS DIRTIER BUSINESS THAN I THOUGHT.
EVERY DAY THE LAZLO STAYS IN METROPOLIS HARBOR, LEX LOSES MONEY.
--SO HE GAVE THE GRIFFINS WEAPONS TO DISRUPT THEIR BUSINESS, AND MAKE THEM MORE WILLING TO DEAL WITH LEXCORP.
JOANNA HANDLED LEXCORP'S CORPORATE ACQUISITIONS.
SHE MUST'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MEDICI CONNECTION BEFORE
VAN HOOK BLEW UP THE COMMUTER JET.
VAN HOOK?
L'AVION A S'ECRASE ET IL N'Y A PA DE SURVIVAN
HE PULLED THE SAME STUNT IN LAOS IN '75 WHEN HE WAS WORKING FOR THE C.I.A.


Simone's eighty mile an hour winds knocked out power across the island.
General Dominguez declared a state of national emergency--
Except for a scattered handful of soldiers, the streets were empty--


--allowing Guthrie's journey to the hotel to go unnoticed.
Trager's security wouldn't expect anyone to climb the five stories to the penthouse offices in this storm.
It wouldn't be enough for Guthrie to have proof of Trager's clandestine arms deals.
Rebecca told him Dalgallo needed to know the time and destination for the next shipment.
If the hurricane delayed Dominguez's soldiers from claiming the guns, Guthrie could get them first--
--assuming he could get out of the hotel.
A Portuguese ship arrived yesterday with a cargo load of Israeli weapons.


I told Trager you'd become a *problem.*
BLAM!

Guthrie was certain-- well, *almost* certain that he could disarm Quinn--
-- but now was no time for heroic stands.

A judicious and speedy retreat had to be made--
-- through the only exit available.

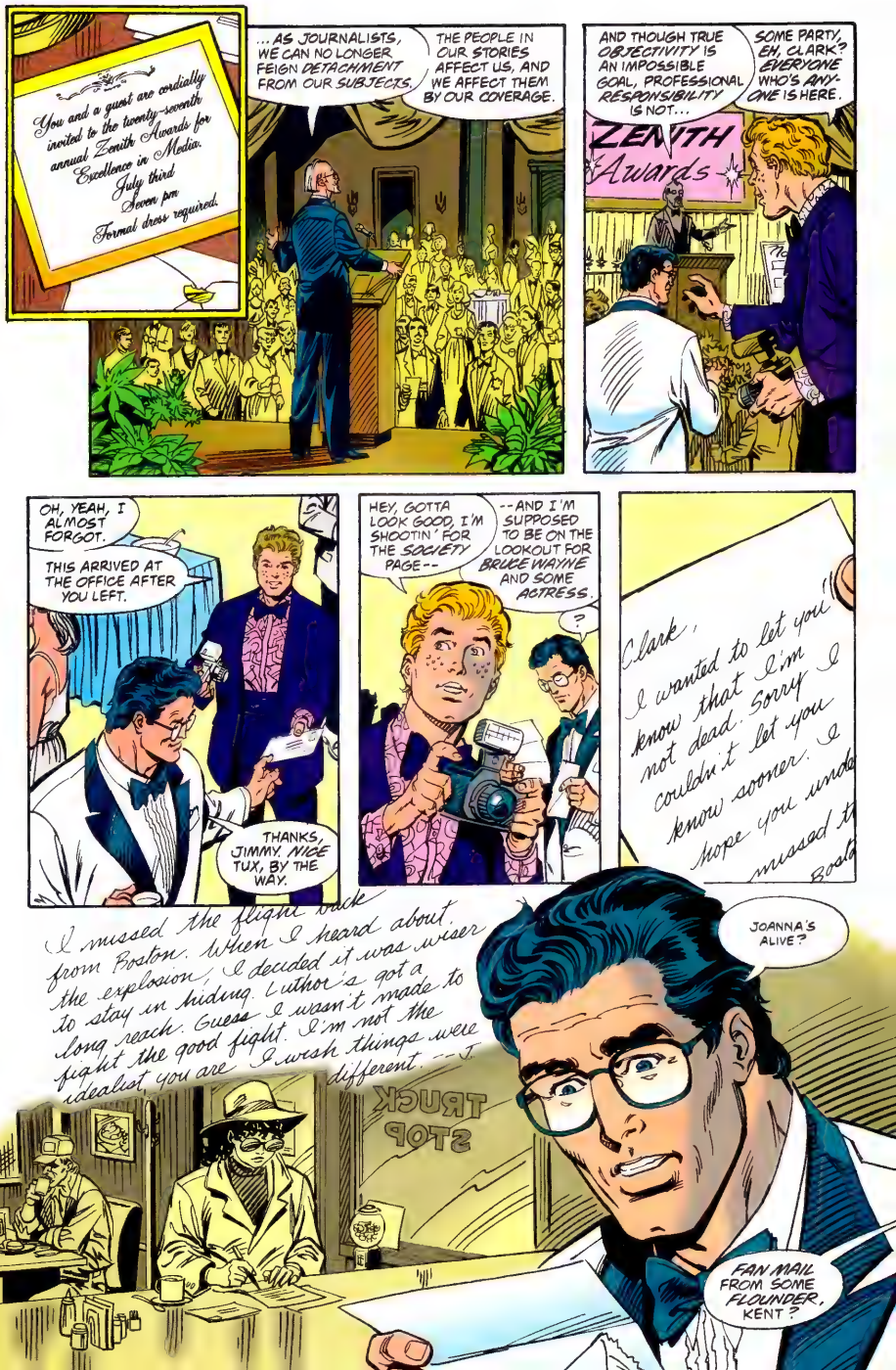
In a split second of fancy, he imagined himself flying--
-- but the reality of landing quickly intruded on that short-lived daydream.
Thankfully, he judged the hotel pool's location correctly--
-- otherwise his bold-- and, he admitted, foolhardy-- exit would have ended painfully on the concrete below.
Guthrie knew his lead time was running out.
Quinn would alert his men, and soon they would radio Dominguez's soldiers.
He would have to run interference.
Give this to DalGallo. Tell him the weapons are on the *Portuguese* freighter docked at Esperanza.
Maybe we can even things out a little.
Maybe.
Get in the truck. You can't stay here.
No argument.
Go!

YOUR PERSISTENT INTERFERENCE IN LEXCORP BUSINESS ENDS NOW, SUPERMAN.
THIS IS THE CONNOR-9000, TWO GENERATIONS BEYOND THE OBSOLETE MODELS WE SUPPLIED THE GRIFFINS.
MAKE NO MISTAKE, THIS WILL KILL EVEN YOU.
THAT CLAIM'S BEEN MADE BEFORE.
I HOPE YOU KEPT THE RECEIPT.
ZZZZUNNNDTT
YOU DON'T KNOW THE RESTRAINT I'M EXERCISING RIGHT NOW.
AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU EAT THIS TINKER TOY--
--THE STATE'S GOING TO NEED YOU IN ONE PIECE TO MAKE THEIR CASE AGAINST LUTHOR.
FWOOP
YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN YOU DESERVE. I'M LEAVING YOU FOR THE POLICE.
THEY CAN SWEEP UP THE TRASH.

Trager's intricately laid plans for Corto Maltese were unraveling alarmingly fast.
His head of security lay unconscious in the mud outside the hotel.
Worse, Dalgallo's men had liberated the shipment of Israeli guns from the docks--
Given time, Trager could find a new set of greedy locals to manipulate and maneuver--
-- while General Dominguez was getting his stomach pumped after an evening of too much vodka and valium.
-- but presently, although the pilot had warned him of the dangers of flying into the storm--
-- Trager was certain it was more dangerous for him to remain on the island.
Guthrie! You self-righteous fool! You don't know when to leave well enough alone--
Watch it! You're making me lose--
Guthrie questioned this overwhelming need to stop Trager's flight at any cost.
He'd never thought of himself as a hero.
Maybe he needed to prove that even if the good guys didn't always win--
-- neither did the bad guys.

As the cold waters of the Caribbean rushed into the cabin of the downed plane--
Guthrie considered leaving the impact-shocked Trager to a watery grave.
Swimming to shore would be a difficult task alone--
-- carrying another man in these turbulent waters might prove impossible.
Who was he kidding?
Happy, Guthrie?
Because of you, we're both going to drown!
Trager, if I'm going to save your misbegotten life, I need you to stop struggling--
-- and shut up!
That was the trouble with listening to your conscience.
The choices were never easy--
-- and the outcome never guaranteed.

DONE.
RRRRRRRRR
YOU AMAZE ME, CLARK. THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN PAGES OF TYPEWRITTEN MANUSCRIPT--
--AND ONLY SEVEN TYPOS.
THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?
IS REBECCA CARR SUPPOSED TO BE ME?
NO. YES. SORT OF.
NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO SEPARATE THE TWO, MY LIFE ALWAYS FILTERS INTO MY WORK.
AND VICE VERSA.
PLUS, YOU CAN LIVE OUT YOUR HEROIC FANTASIES IN YOUR FICTION.
WELL, THE REST OF MY LIFE IS PRETTY MUNDANE.
PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED.
EXCEPTION NOTED.
WE MAKE A GOOD TEAM, MISS LANE.
DON'T YOU FORGET IT, MR. KENT.
DAILY PLANET
LEXCORP SECURITY CHIEF INDICTED IN GARBAGE SCANDAL
VAN HOOK CONNECTED TO AIRPORT BOMBING
LUTHOR "OUTRAGED" AT EMPLOYEE'S CRIMES


You and a guest are cordially invited to the twenty-seventh annual Zenith Awards for Excellence in Media.
July third
Seven pm
Formal dress required.
...AS JOURNALISTS, WE CAN NO LONGER FEIGN DETACHMENT FROM OUR SUBJECTS.
THE PEOPLE IN OUR STORIES AFFECT US, AND WE AFFECT THEM BY OUR COVERAGE.
AND THOUGH TRUE OBJECTIVITY IS AN IMPOSSIBLE GOAL, PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY IS NOT...
SOME PARTY, EH, CLARK? EVERYONE WHO'S ANYONE IS HERE.
ZENITH Awards
OH, YEAH, I ALMOST FORGOT.
THIS ARRIVED AT THE OFFICE AFTER YOU LEFT.
THANKS, JIMMY. NICE TUX, BY THE WAY.
HEY, GOTTA LOOK GOOD, I'M SHOOTIN' FOR THE SOCIETY PAGE--
--AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BRUCE WAYNE AND SOME ACTRESS.
?
Clark,
I wanted to let you know that I'm not dead. Sorry I couldn't let you know sooner. I hope you understand. I missed the flight back from Boston. When I heard about the explosion, I decided it was wiser to stay in hiding. Luthor's got a long reach. Guess I wasn't made to fight the good fight. I'm not the idealist you are. I wish things were different. --T
JOANNA'S ALIVE?
FAN MAIL FROM SOME FLOUNDER, KENT?
TRUCK STOP

LUTHOR.
JUST READ UNDER A YELLOW SUN. FABULOUS BOOK.
I HAD MY SECRETARY TELL THE GERMANS I WAS "IN CONFERENCE" WHILE I FINISHED IT.
AND PRESTON TRAGER --WHAT A GREAT VILLAIN.
GLAD YOU THOUGHT SO.
YOU KNOW, I CAN ARRANGE FOR LEXCORP PUBLISHING TO BUY OUT YOUR PROMETHEUS CONTRACT.
UM...GEE...THANKS, LEX, BUT I'M PRETTY HAPPY WHERE I AM.
SO TELL ME, KENT, WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?
SMILE, EVERYBODY.
WE'LL TALK LATER, KENT.
MISSY.. YOU LOOK STUNNING!
MALE BONDING WITH LUTHOR, CLARK?
I JUST HEARD VAN HOOK'S TELLING PROSECUTORS HE ACTED WITHOUT LUTHOR'S KNOWLEDGE.
LUTHOR'S TEFLON, LOIS. NOTHING STICKS TO HIM.

The gunfire had stopped.
Dominguez's second in command had taken control of the army and begun negotiations with the rebels.
It was the quiet after the storm.
The U.S. extradited Trager on trade violations.
He's sitting in a federal cell in Miami now.
We shouldn't kid ourselves, he'll probably get off.
You could've let him drown.
No, I *couldn't.*
I had you figured all wrong, Guthrie.
When it came down to the wire, Trager's money couldn't buy you--
-- think maybe you made out with your soul intact.
If not my *wallet.* Guess I'll *never* get rich--
-- but at least I can live with myself.
EDUARDO BARRETO
The end

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Clark Kent is a Zenith Award-winning journalist and columnist for *The Daily Planet.* He lives in Metropolis.
DAILY PLANET
WARDEN. WHITE. CHAVEZ- SHIFFMAN
Clark,
Prometheus loves you, darling!
Under a yellow sun is
already on the best seller
list!
It's not too early to think
about the next one! Call me!
Kiss Kiss, Carol
CAROL CHAVEZ- SHIFFMAN
GAMMILL & JAMES

AS FOR SUPERMAN, WELL, RUMORS HAVE ABOUNDED ABOUT HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH THE AMAZON EVER SINCE THEIR FIRST MEETING.

RECENTLY, ON A CATHERINE GRANT SPECIAL, THE MAN OF STEEL TRIED TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

"AT FIRST, I THOUGHT SHE WAS-- AND THIS ISN'T MEANT PEJOR-ATIVELY-- JUST ANOTHER SUPER-HERO.

"BUT, THE MORE I GOT TO KNOW HER, THE MORE I LEARNED THAT THERE WAS SO MUCH MORE TO HER THAN THAT. A LOT MORE.

"I HAVE NOTHING BUT OVER-WHELMING RESPECT FOR DIANA."

"I DON'T DOUBT THAT, SUPERMAN-- BUT--YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THERE HAVE BEEN... WELL...INSTANCES...

"--WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE A BIT MORE THAN JUST RESPECT.

"THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY AN AMATEUR PHOTO-GRAPHER IN METROPOLIS.

"HONESTLY, CAT, I KNOW THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE TYPICAL MEDIA CLICHE, BUT PRINCESS DIANA AND I ARE REALLY JUST GOOD FRIENDS.

"HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED HUGGING AND KISSING A GOOD FRIEND? GOSSIP COLUMNS LIVE FOR PHOTOS LIKE THAT.

"DIANA WAS JUST ASKING ME TO RECOMMEND A REPORTER TO DOCUMENT THE PILGRIMAGE TO THEMYSCIRA. I RECOMMENDED LOIS LANE.

"AND THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT.

SHE AND I DECIDED LONG AGO TO KEEP OUR RELATIONSHIP STRICTLY PLATONIC.

"BESIDES, I DON'T KNOW IF I'D SAY I WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

"I DOUBT ANY MORTAL MAN COULD BE."

MAYBE SUPERMAN WAS RIGHT.

SOMETIMES WE FORGET THAT, DESPITE HIS INCREDIBLE POWERS, THE MAN OF STEEL IS STILL VERY MUCH LIKE THE REST OF US.

"HOWEVER, IT'S DOUBTFUL THAT THE SAME CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE OTHER MAN RUMORED TO BE ROMANTICALLY LINKED WITH DIANA.

CORRECTION: NOT A MORTAL MAN--A GOD.

SUPERMAN® VERSUS SINBAD™

48
OCT 90

TM

STILL ONLY 75¢ 95¢ CAN.

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

POLICE

118

CURT SWAN MONTH: WEEK TWO!

MESSNER-LOEBS ★ SWAN ★ JANKE

STILL ONLY 75¢ 95¢ CAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN®

471
OCT 90

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

MESSNER-LOEBS, SWAN & JANKE

TM

CURT SWAN MONTH: WEEK THREE!

FOR THE PEOPLE OF QURAC--

SINBAD STRIKES AGAIN!

658
OCT 90
US 75¢
CAN 95¢
UK 50p

STILL ONLY 75¢ 95¢ CAN.

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SUPERMAN® IN ACTION COMICS®

DAVOOD-- STAY BACK! THIS SPACESHIP'S READY TO BLOW!

BUT WITHOUT MY HELP, EVERYONE IN METROPOLIS WILL BE KILLED IN THE BLAST!

MESSNER LOEBS, SWAN & JANKE

SINBAD'S SACRIFICE!™

CURT SWAN MONTH: WEEK FOUR!

SUPERMAN®

$5.95 US
$8.00 CAN

UNDER A YELLOW SUN™

A NOVEL BY

CLARK KENT

J.F. MOORE ◆ BARRETO ◆ GAMMILL ◆ JANKE
VAN VALKENBURGH ◆ WHITMORE